

disCORDS

September 2006

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GENTLEMAN REG

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SEPTEMBER 17

Plaza

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WITH GUESTS **BOB WISEMAN**
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PLUS GUESTS

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THE MEDIA CLUB
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ACE FJ RECORDING ARTISTS FROM PHILADELPHIA
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WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 30
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EXCLAIM! AGGRESSIVE TENDENCIES TOUR 2006

PELICAN
DAUGHTERS
KEN MODE

OCTOBER 1
THE LAMPLIGHTER
TICKETS AT SCARY, ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

THE NATIONAL
BEGGARS BANQUET RECORDING ARTISTS FROM NEW YORK

OCTOBER 5
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TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

CHAD VANGAALAN
SUB POP/FLAMING EYE RECORDING ARTIST
WITH GUESTS

SATURDAY OCTOBER 7
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you say party!
THUND ERBIR DSARE NOW!

PROVINCE RECORDING ARTISTS FROM DETROIT

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WITH GUESTS **BOTTOMLESS PIT**

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CALIFONE
TRILL JOCKEY RECORDING ARTISTS FROM CHICAGO
WITH GUESTS

SATURDAY OCTOBER 14
THE MEDIA CLUB
DOORS 8PM - TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

THE HOLD STEADY
WITH GUESTS **SEAN NA NA**

FRIDAY OCTOBER 20
Plaza
TICKETS AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT

www.sealedwithakisspresents.com

DiScorD & M

SEPTEMBER • 2006

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Program Guide
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STUDENT RADIO SOCIETY
OF UBC

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the Gentle Art of Editing

“WHO, YOU'RE ACTUALLY FROM VANCOUVER?”

You're like the only person I know that lives in this city that grew up here too.” I've been on the receiving end of this phrase more and more often lately. The "incredulous-about-local-Vancouverite-status" line is becoming a dominant meme, clawing its way to the top against other longstanding conversational defaults like "sweet" and "that's cool." It feels good to be the exception, and I rarely spoil the occasion by admitting that I actually grew up on the sleepy streets of Coquitlam, not far from Matthew Good's old house.

Maybe you can chalk it up to being a suburban fraud, but I'm not really sure what to make of this native Vancouverite business. The way people talk you'd think I was privy to Vancouver's true, incontrovertible soul, when in fact I'm just as befuddled as a Nova Scotian transplant. To me this city is a Canadian microcosm, a self-conscious society struggling to define itself. The desire to pin down Vancouver's essence is most obviously revealed in statements like, "This is a world-class city," a line chanted repeatedly over the loudspeakers at the fireworks this summer. If there's one thing I know about world-class cities, it's that they're too busy being world class to announce it all the time.

With such disparity between neighbourhoods and demographics (ie. Strathcona hipsters vs.

Yaletown lapdog-lovers), definitions merely serve to further fragment our diverse population. Rather than contributing to any cultural depth, identity politics in this city are more concerned with how successfully that dude at that show adhered to the uniform of his particular subculture. Indie rock in particular falls prey to this trap of seriousness and self-importance.

Part of what makes working on a magazine at a campus radio station like CITR so much fun is the ability to undermine this kind of unnecessary earnestness. While providing accurate and informative coverage of local and independent arts and music is important to us, we also want to have fun, to mock ourselves now and then, make mistakes and bloody our knees and then laugh it off. As Curtis explains in the conclusion to his three-part fan fiction saga in this issue, the high seriousness of music journalism can grow tedious. Sometimes you need to disobey the dictums of official culture—write an article on your mom's favourite band or strap a disembodied mannequin head onto the paw of one of those godawful bears that have colonized this city.

Whether you're a new UBC student picking up the mag for the first time or a seasoned reader, we hope *Discorder* inspires you to seize a chunk of this city's scattered identity and make it your own.

David Ravensbergen, Editor
discordered@gmail.com

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COVER ILLUSTRATION BY WILL BROWN
FEATURE TITLES BY ALANNA SCOTT

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INHUMAN RAMPAGE WORLD TOUR



DragonForce

ALL THAT REMAINS

HORSE the band

SEPTEMBER 12

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

TICKETS ALSO AT SCRAPER

ALL AGES

WWW.DRAGONFORCE.COM



M.O.E.

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SEPTEMBER 14

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DOORS 8PM, SHOW 9PM
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGH LIFE

FOR MORE INFO GO TO WWW.MOE.ORG

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 15



The Old Time Medicine Show

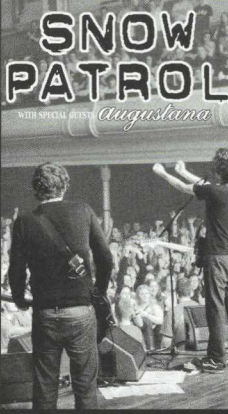
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

WWW.OLDTIMEMEDICINE.COM

SNOW PATROL

WITH SPECIAL GUEST *Augustana*



SEPTEMBER 21

PNE FORUM

ALL AGES

WWW.SNOWPATROL.COM

SEPTEMBER 28

ドリーム ポップ コールド

asobi seksu



9月28日

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

THE MEDIA CLUB

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 29

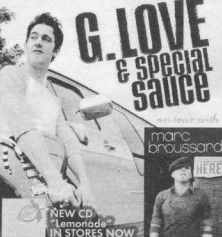


Billy Bragg

Tickets also at Zulu and Highlife

COMMODORE BALLROOM

G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE



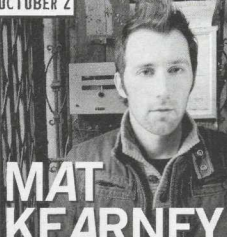
NEW CD "Remedy" IN STORES NOW

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 30

COMMODORE BALLROOM

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGH LIFE

OCTOBER 2



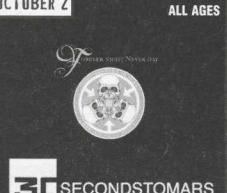
MAT KEARNEY

DOORS 6:30PM, SHOW 8:30PM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

THE MEDIA CLUB

OCTOBER 2

ALL AGES



SECOND STORMS

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

EDITH & HELLOIT
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

BAD RELIGION **DROPKICK MURPHYS**



CANADIAN TOUR

COMEBACK **3RD** CUT 35

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 30

PNE FORUM

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRAPER

UPCOMING SHOWS

SEPTEMBER 8
IAN GILLAN
COMMODORE BALLROOM

SEPTEMBER 14
UNDEROATH
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

SEPTEMBER 22
SHERYL CROW/JOHN MAYER
PACIFIC COLISEUM

SEPTEMBER 25
GEORGE CANYON
COMMODORE BALLROOM

SEPTEMBER 27
DJ KRUSH
COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 1
KEANE
DEPHUEM THEATRE

20TU 2 for 1 tickets
every Tuesday to opening
hours of Blue+Black
HOB.COM/20TU

PURCHASE TICKETS ONLINE AT hob.ca OR ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444

((XMM))

THE VANCOUVER SUN
The Province
10.10.06

COMMODORE
BALLROOM

OCTOBER 3

85.5000 managed by
Jason Collett



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU
VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE

OCTOBER 17

ELECTRIC SIX
ABERDEEN CITY
& THE BLUE VAN



TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND SCRATCH
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 5

BLUE OCTOBER



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU
COMMODORE BALLROOM

NASHVILLE PUSSY
CONQUEROR AMERICA

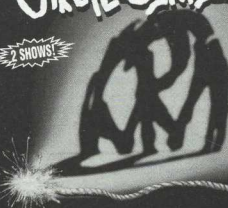


OCTOBER 12
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

Pennywise

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST
Circle Jerks



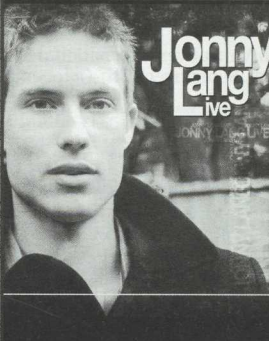
2 SHOWS!

PLUS GUESTS
IGNITE & BROWN BRIGADE

OCTOBER 3 - CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE
OCTOBER 4 - COMMODORE BALLROOM

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

Jonny Lang
Live



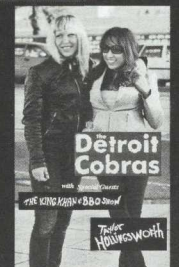
FRIDAY OCTOBER 13
COMMODORE BALLROOM

DOORS 8:00PM, SHOW 9:30PM

New CD
In Stores Sept 19
JonnyLang.com

OCTOBER 16

Detroit Cobras



TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND SCRATCH
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 17 & 18

GOV'T MULE

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
DONKIVON

HIGH & MIGHTY
FALL TOUR 2006

THE NEW ALBUM "HIGH & MIGHTY" IN STORES 10/22
WWW.MULE.NET



TICKETS ALSO AT
FOURLIFE
COMMODORE BALLROOM

TRIVIUM



REVOLVER
THE CRUSADE: NORTH AMERICA 2006

OCTOBER 24
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

ALL AGES - 8:00PM, SHOW 10PM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, ZULU AND SCRATCH

OCTOBER 27

The Reach Around America Tour 2006

BE YOUR OWN PET

TALL FIRS



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

KASABIAN



OCTOBER 15
COMMODORE BALLROOM

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

OCTOBER 19

CITIZEN COPE



www.citizencope.com
www.myspace.com/citizencope

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 22

the black angels



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE TYDE

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND RED CAT
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

THE CAT EMPIRE



with special guests
OCTOBER 26
COMMODORE BALLROOM

TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIFE AND ZULU
TWO SHOES, the album IN STORES NOW on the INDICA label

UPCOMING SHOWS

OCTOBER 5
ALEXISONFIRE
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTREOCTOBER 6
BEAT BASH WITH BLACK EYED PEAS
PACIFIC COLISEUMOCTOBER 19
JAMIE CULLUM
COMMODORE BALLROOMNOVEMBER 5
600 600 DOLLS
ORPHEUM THEATRENOVEMBER 5
JAMES BLUNT
LIVE AT GENERAL MOTORS PLACENOVEMBER 18
DAN BERN
THE RED ROOM2 for 1 tickets
every Tuesday to opening
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THE VANCOUVER
MUSIC FESTIVALThe Province
to start hereCOMMODORE
BALLROOM

CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

25th Vancouver International Film Festival, September 28th-October 13th

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY? CINEMA ASPIRANT OFFERS GLIMPSES OF GEMS TO BE RESCUED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.

THE FESTIVAL IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER, so we'll be departing from our usual auteur-centric concerns and focusing, for the next two columns, on features to screen here.



In Between Days

In Between Days

As an ESL teacher, there's a certain kind of student I find rather frustrating to work with: shy, self-conscious and a bit withdrawn. This hypothetical student's universe, once she gets away from nagging parents and the pressure to study, consists of a boy she likes, her concern about whether he likes her back, and not much more. (Well, occasionally, she may also take interest in her cell-phone or her make-up, or, when she's ambitious, karaoke, video games, and shopping, but that's about it.) How to get her interested in the present perfect? It ain't always easy. The Korean-American *In Between Days* (2006) is like some sort of remedial compassion therapy for people like me, because it takes one such utterly unremarkable girl, Aimie, and does something utterly remarkable with her: it takes her loneliness, her confusion, her boredom, disappointments, and hopes absolutely seriously, just like she does. Living in close-up with her is somehow an oddly transformative experience, though it reminds me of much I would rather forget about being an adolescent. The Canadian city where Aimie and her mother have immigrated remains nameless, as being outside the realm of Aimie's concern, and so it shall remain here, but note: it ain't Vancouver! Director So Yong Kim is herself a Korean immigrant who grew up in Los Angeles, and will be one

of the festival's guests. Her first feature is touching, authentic, and sad, and should be required viewing for ESL teachers everywhere. (I wonder what Korean girls would think of it?)

Old Joy

When two men go into nature together in a movie, bad things usually happen; I wonder why that is? Some subtle homophobia, that can't allow men to get too emotionally intimate with each other on-screen? A need to provide male viewers with a vehicle for vicariously working through the frustrations and resentments that accompany their friendships? It could almost be classified as a genre: *Angel's Crest* and *Gerry* are cut from this template, to name two films that spring immediately to mind; *Deliverance* is a third, though there are two "extra" men along for the ride. *Brokeback Mountain* probably could be tied in as well, though the "bad thing" is much deferred. Throughout the first half of *Old Joy* (2006), knowing nothing of the film save that one of the stars is Will Oldham (whom I best remember as Danny in John Sayles' *Matwoun*), I kept worrying that it would turn into just this sort of genre exercise: two old friends, grown somewhat apart, go camping at a remote hot spring, and as tensions build, a killing seems to be foreshadowed. Much of the suspense for me, watching this evengentle, beautifully photographed film lay in my worry that it would fuck up by going exactly there. It doesn't. Contemplative and rich, it left me wanting to see more of female director Kelly Reichardt's cinema. Shots of Oregon's forests only add to the pleasures of the film, and I'm a sucker for landscapes filmed out the passenger window of a car, especially with a score as lyrical and lush as the one provided by Yo La Tengo.

The Honor of the Knights

Spanish director Albert Serra's *Honor of Cavalleria* (*The Honor of the Knights*, 2005) is in many ways the perfect compliment to *Old Joy*. Using Cervantes' *Don Quixote* as a source text, but making something very minimal and mood-oriented of it, the film mostly shows two men in nature. Quixote and Sancho guide their animals through fields, as insects hum on the soundtrack. There is little dialogue, no plot, and next to no other characters appear. (There are also no buildups of any sort in the film, of which I gather Serra is quite proud). The film may greatly move those with a taste for gentle, contemplative cinema; the compositions are often lovely and the rhythms strangely hypnotic. Since I have not read Cervantes, and am far more concerned with meaning than mood when watching films, I was perhaps not the best viewer for this one. Serra will be in attendance to answer questions. You will have some.

The Net: The Unabomber, LSD, and the Internet

The Honour of the Knights didn't provoke me to want to read Cervantes, but Luis Dammbeck's *The Net* leaves me wanting to read the Unabomber Manifesto. It rather creepily explores the possibility of totalitarianism and/or dangerously uncontrollable aspects to the utopian idealism that informed cybernetics, LSD experimentation, and eventually gave rise to the internet. The filmmaker takes seriously the possibility that Ted Kaczynski was performing a meaningful resistance against a world gone very, very wrong—he becomes a sort of Thoreau with explosives. Not sure how I feel ultimately about the film or its message(s), but it's thought provoking in the extreme, and has more craft and craftiness to it than the shot-on-DV look would let on. Best watched with an articulate friend, so you can hash it over afterwards.

See you next month with more film festival notes! **D**



The Honor of the Knights

RIFE RAFF

Bryce Dunn

ANOTHER MONTH, AND ANOTHER BATCH of musical mayhem to lay on you—let's start with the toast of Tennessee, *The Reigning Sound*. They're led by the genius Greg Cartwright, whose musical lineage goes back staggeringly far, and has a hold on the garage rock cognoscenti so tight it's hard to escape. With a new album's worth of tracks recorded at the famed Goner Records empire, two cuts made onto a 45 that showcases the RS signature sound: a perfect blend of country, soul and rock and roll that never fails to inspire and impress. "Black Sheep" kicks off side one, a cover of Bob McDill's country classic, and on side two, an ode to the state that bore the great Carl Perkins, the man behind "Tennessee." As far as live recordings go, this is a step up from previous work, and there is a palpable energy that makes you wish you were there sweating and singing along. (Norton Records, Box 646 Cooper Station New York, NY. www.nortonrecords.com).

Speaking of covers, our friends *The Dirtbombs* know a thing or three about reinventing the wheel when it comes to taking on other people's songs. No artist or style has been spared, as they've cloned everything from *The Furhythms* to Robyn Hitchcock, and *The Cheater Slicks* too. In the case of a recent single, they cover the late lamented Elliot Smith. Their version of "Brand New Game" (an unreleased track intended for inclusion on his *From A Basement On A Hill* 2CD retrospective) breathes new life into what ultimately can be described as moody folk-pop. The flipside is a Dirtbombs original entitled "All My Friends (Should Be Punished)" which speaks cheekily to all allies of Mick & co, and shouldn't be taken too seriously. (Munster Records, www.munster-records.com).

I recently caught our next act, *The Strays*, opening for *The Buzzcocks* on the strength that lead singer/guitarist Toby Marriott is in fact the son of Small Faces' swangeli Steve Marriott. That famous connection notwithstanding, Marriott and band cranked out some Brit-pop laced with seminal punk tunes that failed to impress those in attendance, yours truly included. Not wanting to discount them entirely, I thought I'd give them another chance on record. The four-song EP is decent enough, but I'm not sure I'll be giving this re-

peated spins any time soon. "Kill" and "Servant of the Gun" are songs the Brothers Gallagher could have written coated with a veneer of sex, but other than that I'm not convinced. (45 Revolution, no address given.)

I am convinced, however, that there's still good music on the Island (you know, the one just to the left of us across the water). Victoria has always been a curious city for rock and roll, but *Budokan* will shake things up soon if their debut single is any indication. Featuring ex-Bum alum Andrew Molloy, Budokan seem to logically pick up where that beloved band left off, right down to their revisitation of "Doll Hospital," a Bum song of yore that's still refreshing all the same. Along with "Gone Back Home" and "North of Hollywood" these guys (and now gal) love power-pop a la *The Dictators*, *Redd Kross* and close (at least in spirit) kinfolk *The Fastbacks*. The tracks exude a knack for catchy choruses and feel-good guitar. My only complaint with this is that the production sounds a little thin—the drums don't pound as much as I'd like and the bass doesn't boom that much neither. That being said, you cannot fault Budokan for wanting to bring back the rock to the Rock, and for that I'm grateful. (Magic Teeth Records, 633 Johnson Street, Victoria B.C. Canada. www.magictooth.ca).

Rounding out our monthly record round-up are locals *FUN 100* and *The Paper Lanterns*, who share one side apiece on a recent seven-inch. Deeply departed Paper Lanterns offer two songs ("B-line" b/w "I Wanna Die") of pop-punk reminiscent of early Lookout Records bands like *Jawbreaker* or *Mr. T Experience*—smart melodic punk with poignant lyrical content. Jolt Cola enthusiasts *FUN 100* parry with two short blasts of new wave pop in "Pull the Goalie" and "Gimme the Chiefs." Somewhere out there a hockey dad is proud, so much so he has his own record label. (Hockey Dad Records, 4150 Brant St. Vancouver B.C. Canada V5N 5B4).

Onward and upward—see you next time!

Bryce Dunn's radio show *Third Time's the Charm* is on CTR 101.9 FM on Tuesdays at 9am.

D



BUDOKAN - THE DIRTBOMBS - FUN 100/PAPER LANTERNS - REIGNING SOUND-OF-MEMPHIS - THE STRAYS

STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

Vancouver International Film Festival: Krzysztof Kieslowski Retrospective, Absolute Wilson, Longing, Uganda Rising

IN LESS THAN A MONTH, the Vancouver International Film Festival will be invading the lives of hordes of delirious cinephiles. And so it should. It's the most invigorating and mind-expanding marathon on the cultural calendar. You can spend September training for it as the Pacific Cinematheque and Vancity Theatre co-host a retrospective on Polish filmmaker supreme, Krzysztof Kieslowski.

Best known in the West for his socially and spiritually located works of the late 20th century—*The Double Life of Veronique*, *The Three Colours* trilogy, and *The Decalogue*—Kieslowski had been prolific in his own country since the late 1960s, making state-funded (and often state-censored) documentaries and fiction for cinema and television. The latter medium spawned 1989's *Decalogue*, a 10-part dramatic investigation into the Ten Commandments. With this colossal project, Kieslowski's extraordinary way with life's big issues really crystallized, and shone through every film he made until his death in 1996.

While his films' subjects are often clearly expressed in the titles—liberty, equality, adultery, etc.—they are dealt with in a way that upends these words' often-simplistic associations. Oblique in the truest sense, Kieslowski effectively cross-sections human experience to find the essence of well-worn concepts. When new meanings arise, they're profound and sometimes shattering.

Most potent in this regard is *A Short Film About Killing*, and the one-hour segment from which it was expanded, *Thou Shalt Not Kill*. A brutal murder is immediately followed by the execution of the young man who committed it. Both "killings" take place in real time and are horrifying, the execution perhaps more so due to the authorities' attempts to be clinical. The film's overtones are extremely literate—a discussion of the penal code invokes Foucault's *Discipline and Punish*—but its impact is on the gut. Even more important than the awards that *Killing* took at Cannes and elsewhere is the part it played in ending the death penalty in Poland. How often does a fiction feature effect change like that?

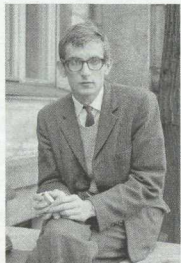
The retrospective is huge and, for many of us, will be the first opportunity to see any of Kieslowski's work predating *The Decalogue*. Comprising over 30 films, it includes nine features, early agitprop and even some student pieces from Lodz Film School. The series also offers an authentic glimpse at the depressing, porridge-coloured naifness of life in the Eastern Bloc—a look which Kieslowski was apparently going in for to order to show "the grim reality of the world we live in". *Slawomir Idzik*, one of the director's frequent cinematographers, called this aesthetic "the poetry of dirt," and used a green filter to achieve it in later films.

Despite the cruelty, loneliness and despair on display in much of Kieslowski's work, one always comes away galvanized by a new way of seeing. To paraphrase Czech film scholar Anton Liehm on this iconic director, "I don't think a despairing man can communicate his despair. To be able to turn it into art—that takes health. And God, what health!"

BLIND CHANCE: The Cinema of Krzysztof Kieslowski screens September 2-24 at The Pacific Cinematheque and September 1-17 at Vancity Theatre. For programme details visit www.cinematheque.bc.ca, www.vifc.org or be a pioneer and consult the print versions.

Now, what were we saying about the Film Festival? It starts its engines on September 28 and runs until October 13. Look for more extensive coverage in next month's issue.

Meanwhile, the VIFF people have already tossed a few preview



A young Kieslowski

SPECTRES OF DISCORD

by David Ravensbergen

ELEMENTS OF STYLE

That Other Magazine from CTR 101.9 FM

WHILE I LIKE TO FANCY myself a big picture thinker, or in my more deluded moments, an oblique strategist, attendees of *Discorder* contributor's meetings can attest to the fact that my editorial policy tends to circle back to the same themes. If it isn't my wontan overuse of the word "anecdotal," it's my constant lament over our magazine's lack of hip hop coverage. I'm starting to wear a groove in the roof of my mouth where the words, "I'd really like to see some more hip hop features" have passed. Despite assembling a roster of witty and talented individuals to populate the *Discorder* massive, I really haven't seen many words on raps that can run the gauntlet of my vigorous quality standards.

Out of ideas and disillusioned with our leftist neo-hippie/pseudo-anarchist think-tank's forays into rap, I've turned, like many desperate souls before me, to conservative politics. When the present doesn't measure up to expectations—whether as a result of too many indie rock features or those pesky taxes on the super-rich—it's best to appeal to an idealized, fictional past to gain the affections of your audience. Remember when the streets were so safe that you could walk to school for 20 miles in waist-high snow without fear of being assaulted by aggressive panhandlers? Well, rappers do too. I've heard so many tales of the golden days of old school hip hop that I'm starting to wonder if there might be a kernel of truth amidst the nostalgia. And so, with my hands waving in the air like I just don't care, it's off to the archives to search for answers.

After blackening my thumbs with the ink of back issues, I'm starting to realize that *Discorder's* disproportionate commitment to boys with beards and guitars stretches back to the magazine's inception. While openness to all genres of interesting, independent music was a founding principle, indie rock will always remain *Discorder's* first love. Over a decade ago, a group of CTR layouts took stock of this axiom, and decided that if they wanted to see hip hop better represented in print, they were going to have to do it themselves. Enter J Swing and Flipout, now renowned DJs on Vancouver's formerly urban radio station The Beat 94.5 and residents at Hollaback Wednesdays at The Plaza. The pair unveiled *Elements* in May 1995, a bi-monthly hip hop magazine that picked up the slack of their sister publication at CTR.

I wasn't even aware of *Elements'* existence until a recent call and reorganization of our office uncovered a trove, but as I leaf through a handful of 32-page issues stuffed with solid content, I can't help

but wonder how it flew under my radar for so long. A quick Google search reveals little to no information, and J Swing and Flipout's biographies on The Beat's website mention CTR, but conspicuously overlook their print undertakings. Too bad, because this forgotten little mag provides the most comprehensive hip hop coverage I've seen in a Canadian publication.

With distinctive, graffiti-style caricatures on every cover, *Elements* stands as a memorial to a transitional period in DIY publishing, before the internet solidified its place in the media hierarchy. Each masthead reads like a who's who list for mid-90s hip hop; one 1996 issue (they neglected to indicate the month or issue number) features M.O.P., Jeru the Damaja, Xzibit, Mobb Deep, Ras Kass and Ghostface Killah. Even with the aid of the internet, it would be next to impossible for a contemporary, volunteer start-up publication to book such an impressive lineup. Artists like Ghostface are protected by an elite army of publicists, and with every major music magazine on the continent scrambling to praise the release of *Fishscale*, a couple of DJs from a community radio station in Vancouver would be hard pressed to get any actual Wu interview time.

Aside from the hand-drawn covers by the Allicity Action Team, extensive interviews with rap luminaries, and a wide range of record reviews, *Elements* featured some hilarious commentary on the lives of student journalists. Each issue is prefaced with a little disclaimer for missing the publication deadline, like November/December 1995's "We're sober and we're still mad late. Shit ain't ever gonna change—Fuck it." Even with the stress of late issues and the constant complaints of "herbs" at the radio station, J Swing and Flipout maintained the importance of wylie 'out. "We come out here in the middle of the night and smoke bud with the proctor and then get on the radio and act up when nobody's here to stop us (but we always make sure to stop the longer tape first)."

Since most issues of *Elements* likely perished in the Great Archive Fire of 2002, the magazine is fading fast from CTR's institutional memory. Drop by the office and check it out before it's too late.

discs our way:

Absolute Wilson (USA/Germany)

This two-hour documentary on the crowned prince of avant-garde theatre pretty much lives up to its title. Even the most avid fans of American performance artist and director Robert Wilson should find god-I never-knew-thats moments in Katharina Otto-Bernstein's exhaustive crawl through his life and work. From a ballet teacher's role in curing his childhood stutter to time spent in a mental hospital following a post-college suicide attempt, Wilson spills all with his smugly conversational style. My only wish is that some of the other talking heads had been cut to make room for more archival footage. Watching the creative change between him and long-time music collaborator Philip Glass is a joy, while the tantalizing clips of his staged pieces feel far too brief.

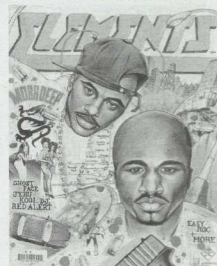
Longing (Germany)

Valeska Grisebach's deceptively low-key drama about marital infidelity is the sort of film one can only see at festival time. Full of unadorned characters and unedited moments, it reflects reality in a way that most mainstream counterparts have neither the courage nor the subtlety to do. Much of the story remains unclear—which seems to be the point—and a lovely device at the end uses a children's

conversation to underscore this. The camera work is stellar and, on occasion, so sneaky that I was hitting backscan. Highly recommended.

Uganda Rising (Canada)

If you thrive on righteous rage, then Pete McCormack and James Miller's calmly-narrated study of interethnic genocide in northern Uganda will make your day. Focussing on the roughly 25,000 Acholi children abducted to fight with anti-government rebels, the film gives an historical rundown of the 20-year conflict which has displaced over a million Ugandans to camps where they have been routinely slaughtered by The Lord's Resistance Army. The Ugandan government's ridiculously inadequate efforts to protect them, along with the selective blindness and endless debating from the rest of the world are predictably infuriating, but to hear children dispassionately recounting atrocities of murder and mutilation, which they not only witnessed but also committed, beggars belief. And it's when McCormack and Miller really dig back that the dots connect: a brief and meticulous account of the self-seeking interference by colonial powers in the early 20th century shows how numerous African nations were set up for civil conflict. It's also when your anger and disgust top out. **D**



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TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Pretty Good Years: A Biography of Tori Amos, Fun Home, Night Fisher

Pretty Good Years: A Biography of Tori Amos

By Jay S. Jacobs
(Hal Leonard)



Like many biographies, *Pretty Good Years* raises more questions than it can hope to answer.

For example, why did Jacobs write Tori Amos' biography when he hasn't interviewed the singer since 1996? And why would Hal Leonard publish a bio only a year after the release of Amos' collaborative autobiography *Piece by Piece*? Did Jacobs even read *Piece by Piece*? And why didn't Jacobs' editor notice that he wrote *Pretty Good Years* in what reads like two weeks, including research time?

On a smaller scale: why does the author avoid asking any interesting questions about Tori Amos? Why doesn't he take a critical look at her insistence on making dubiously opaque concept albums? Why does he rely on a binary understanding of authentic artists and sell-outs, when the real matter is a good deal more complex? And what's with the subtle misogyny that Jacobs lays on female teen-pop stars? ("The pop music world was evolving yet again, and the intelligent female singer-songwriters who were all the rage just a year before were being replaced by pop tart—creative, created-by-committee singers who were willing to do any song the record labels would send their way" (p. 94). Is it just me, or is Jacobs indulging in some subtextual parallels of sexual promiscuity and musical whoredom?)

And how did Jacobs omit an entire album of b-sides from the discography? If I, a Tori-crazed high schooler, managed to find the elusive double album *Under the Pink + More Pink* in the Metromtown HMV in 1997, how hard could it be for a journalist to find a mention of it on www.allmusic.com/? Especially when he references that very website?

For that matter, why do I even care about this stupid book? Didn't I stop liking Tori Amos sometime after 1999's *To Venus and Back*? Is my once-ardent love of songs like "Sister Janet" and "Little Earthquakes" enough to justify reading this entire waste of pulp? Did I mention that I used to dye my hair red when I was fifteen? Just to be like Tori Amos? And that I have a funny soft spot for her even as she sort of embarrasses me, the way an ex-boyfriend might? Like the boy from high school who seems pretty lame now but who taught you all kinds of things when you were pre-teen and dumb and didn't yet know that Sarah McLachlan wasn't the edge of the known music universe? And you kind of want to check up on this boy every so often, see what he's up to even though you haven't spoken for years?

Did you know that I used to passionately defend her from detractors, claiming that her lyrics were really deep though I never totally knew what she was singing most of the time? And that I used to think that the last line of "Professional Widow" was "gimmie love, peace, and a heart Cadillac" until I read the lyrics and saw that it was "gimmie love, peace and a hard core"? And did I tell you (and this again is embarrassing to admit) that listening to her inaccessible album *Boys for Pele* probably honed my ear in a big way when I was just a teenager stuck in a small town with no local bands, no college radio, no Napster and no good record store? And that in some way I probably owe a lot of my music-geek prowess to albums like *Under the Pink* and *From the Choirgirl Hotel*? Would you be surprised if I told you that I was going to donate *Pretty Good Years* to a thrift store and then listen to some of those old songs again? And maybe even pull that box of CD singles out of the storage space and put the *Winter EP* on my iPod?

And one last thing: If I ever get this worked up about a lousy biography again, will you tell me not to expect anything good from Hal Leonard? Will you remind me that, after all, their main business

is sheet music and not critical biographies? Yeah? You will? That's nice of you. Thanks.

Kat Stiddle

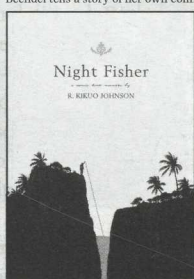
Inkstudios

Fun Home, Night Fisher

Coming-of-age stories seem to be a particularly easy fallback for comic storytellers to pull at the heart strings of geeky readers who have all gone through similar experiences of social isolation and awkwardness. And don't get me wrong, there are some great stories in this genre: Joe Matt's heartfelt *Fair Weather* was a nice transition from the usual fair that he pumps out (a bad choice of words—he puts out a comic every couple of years and most of them are about his porn collection). Chester Brown's duo, *I Never Liked You* and *Playboy* are both revealing narratives that broke a lot of ground in style and content. Fifteen years later, they still stand above in the crowd. Ultimately, comics function to tell a story, and in the indie crowd, most of them are autobio. People write about what they know—themselves.

Recently, some newcomers have arrived on the scene, setting a new standard and raising the bar of excellence. In *Fun Home*, Alison Bechdel tells a story of her own coming-of-age and emerging sexual identity through some of the strongest vocabulary I have ever seen in comics. Newcomer R. Kikuo Johnson creates his own version of growing up in Hawaii surrounded by crystal meth, offering the most accurate portrayal of drug addiction and drug culture that I've seen since a bunch of pothead punts put out comics in San Fran in the 60s.

Fun Home originally passed by my eyes without a glance, but after the owner of my local book store impressed upon me just how great this book is, I knew I had to check it out. Alison Bechdel has previously been most known for her comic strip, *Dykes to Watch Out For*. The world of comic strips is a little foreign to me: some of them look great, but I just can't get into the format, so Bechdel is one of those creators that have stayed under my purchasing radar. But *Fun Home* comes across as personal and revealing, and stands as one of the best things I've read all year.



The story revolves around Alison's childhood relationship with a distant father, with whom she has more in common than originally thought. Alison creates a parallel between her own coming out in college to her father's closeted lifestyle and its emotional consequences. Alison's discovery doesn't come through conversation with her father, but revelations from her mother, and the relationship with her father continues to be odd and distant. Alison shows a lot of pride in who she is and how she came to her own sexual identity, and that is reflected in the sincerity of the book. Houghton Mifflin, a publishing outfit that usually specializes in text books, is an odd choice for a comic of this distinction. Hopefully it's a good indication of the quality to come out of other book publishers in the future. Expect to see this book on every graphic novel top ten list at the end of the year, because it will be on mine.

Most of what I know of crystal meth use in Hawaii comes from the *Dog the Bounty Hunter* show, where Dog tracks down screwed-up methheads who have jumped their \$500 bail. Needless to say, it doesn't represent well. *Night Fisher* by R. Kikuo Johnson, on the other hand, exposes you to real drug culture as you witness the slippery slope of meth addiction. Kikuo's art is very reminiscent of a strong favorite of mine, David Mazzucchelli, who hasn't put out anything in such a long time that most people wouldn't remember his work if wasn't for his classic *Batman: Year One*.

Kikuo's tale of adolescence explores the tension between parental pressures and expectations, and the desire for some semblance of an interesting social life. From this ground, *Night Fisher* accurately portrays the madness of meth, without falling back on parody as the movie *Spun* does. Kikuo employs the trope of teenage awkwardness throughout the story, but doesn't rely on it for sympathy—instead, it works as the thread that connects this strong debut comic together.

Both of those books are sure to delight, and if you feel inclined to venture further into similar comics, I highly recommend *Black Hole* by Charles Burns. Rather than focus on a central character, Burns' story describes a large group of teens coping with an STD that is turning them into weird mutants. I know that it may sound kinda cheesy by my description, but it is anything but. Another recommendation is *The Summer of Love* by Debbie Drechsler, a story of adolescence from a female perspective that can be easily lost in the male-dominated comic world.

To find about more great comics, check out the Inkstudios show, every Thursday at 2pm on CTR 101.9fm. Our archive of on-air interviews is catalogued for you www.crowncommision.com/inkstudios.

Robin McConnell

Night Fisher by R. Kikuo Johnson, Fantagraphics

BRING YOUR OWN UKULELE

by Marlo Carpenter
Illustrations by Katie Lapi



MUCH LIKE THE CRIPPLING DRUM CIRCLE celebrating the full moon, something strange and a little bit silly occurs once a month (the third Tuesday) at Our Town Cafe on Broadway and Kingsway. You, the public, are invited to **B.Y.O.U.**—Bring Your Own Ukulele—for the Vancouver Ukulele Circle's (www.vcn.bc.ca/vanukes) monthly gathering. I showed up this August to witness the spectacle of thirty-odd ukuleles strumming in unison.

It was attended mostly by middle-aged, folksy free-thinker types—the same demographic as cyclists, Mac users from the early 90s, and *Time Reader* readers—an even number of men and women clad in short-sleeved plaid shirts, glasses, sensible cotton shorts, and Tevas (functional comfort-oriented sandals from MEC are the new Birkenstocks). I eavesdropped and chuckled to myself at the genius of Christopher Guest et al. as I thought of *A Mighty Wind*. Nearby, someone named-dropped Brian Wilson. Somewhere else, in a discussion about the new “no carry-on” rules on airplanes in light of the recent arrests in the UK, someone wondered if you could still take your uke (note that enthusiasts say uke, not ukulele) on the plane.

Energy was gathering. You could tell they were raring to go. Ukes emerged from their cases, notes from pitch pipes sounding amid modulating staccatos plucked and re-plucked in a collective tuning effort. The Ukulele Circle's fearless leader and founder, Ralph “The King of the Ukulele,” mounted the stage, backed by a fiddle and bass player, instructing his fellow ukulele-ers to “Uke and roll!” (That is a direct quote.) Everyone followed along in their songbooks, often with a handy chord chart nearby, singing and strumming.

The first song they played, “Singin’ in the Rain,” is one of those songs from my childhood I love unconditionally. Tried as he might have, not even Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* could sully for me the whimsy and optimism of Gene Kelly tapdancing through enormous puddles, having just discovered the perfect solution to his Lena Lamont woes.

They followed it up with “Yellowbird.” “Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,” and by the time they hit “Your Cheatin' Heart,” something in their carefree uke-ways completely dissolved my Protective Hipster Adamantium-Irony Alloy Coating. I mean, some guy in the back—Jim was his name—had brought a kazoo. You know that crazy neck-brace thing Tom Petty wears so he can play the harmonica and guitar at the same time? This guy had one for his kazoo, so he could play kazoo and ukulele simultaneously. And at the

end of each song, he'd give an enthusiastic blow or two into his penny-whistle. *Feeeee!* I think my heart grew three sizes.

On top of being Sovereign of the Ukulele Monarchy, Ralph Shaw is a champion whistler, like how some people's grandfathers can whistle in that intricate, bird-like way—one of those old-timey things that somehow died out. That Bernard Hermann song, “Twisted Nerve,” from the *Kill Bill* Vol. 1 soundtrack, is a good example. Even better is the Harlem Globetrotters theme song, “Sweet Georgia Brown,” which they of course played that night. When I told Ralph later how blown away I was by his whistling, he told me that back in the days of vaudeville, there were people who toured whose entire talent was just whistling in a band.

Something I'd thought of when they were playing “Your Cheatin' Heart,” and was con-

firmed later on when they played “Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?” is that the ukulele is one of the perfect sad-song instruments. It's got lugubriousness covered (and what is “Your Cheatin' Heart,” if not lugubrious?) with the contrast of the brightness of the instrument and the cartoon-sadness of the song. But it works for seriously melancholy songs like “Brother,” too, vividly recalling the despair and poverty of the Depression.

Along with the kazoo and the pennywhistle, the ukulele is an inherently funny instrument. When I first heard of BYOU (by the way, I think my friend Caroline made that term up, and not the Ukulele Circle), I laughed uncontrollably for a couple minutes. But as Ralph pointed out to me, there's not really any reason the ukulele isn't considered a serious and valid instrument, once you get past the fact that it's small. It's not that the Vancouver Ukulele Circle takes itself super-seri-

ously. They've fully embraced the absurdity of the instrument and taken it a step further. Just like the hundreds and sometimes thousands of folks who roll out monthly on their bicycles (a mere children's toy!) for Critical Mass are a ridiculous spectacle for nearly everyone else, the ukulele enthusiasts found a reason to get together and enjoy the dickens out of their hobby, cynics be damned.

Their next meeting, at 7:30pm on Tuesday, September 19th at Our Town Cafe (245 East Broadway), celebrates the Ukulele Circle's sixth anniversary. Smiles guaranteed.



Braaaaains!

by Meg Bourne

I THINK WE CAN ALL AGREE that there's nothing better than watching a crowd of zombies maw! a bus full of people. When 500 zombies took over the Downtown streets for this year's annual Zombie Walk, it was all fun and games until a fucking idiot decided to run over everyone. Luckily zombies stick together, and everyone started smashing the idiot's car to bits.

Unfortunately, the walk was cut short this year. While last year's walk involved trips on the Skytrain and terrorizing shoppers at Pacific Centre, this year finished up early at Sunset Beach. I was disappointed—I could've walked for hours.

Regardless, the Zombie Walk always brings good times. From a guy pulling around speakers playing distorted metal, to a couple with a baby zombie, to a news reporter getting chased, the Zombie Walk is an event I think everyone should take part in. That is, if you don't mind undead strangers coming up to you and pawing through your hair...



Photos by Meg Bourne

BENT Collective

by Mono Brown



VANCOUVER'S GAY COMMUNITY CELEBRATES PRIDE just once a year, but the Bent Collective reserves the third Thursday of every month so that the East Van queer community can, “Dance It. Sweat It. Get It.” Bent, East Van's non-profit queer dance party returns this Thursday, September 21 to its home at Anza Club (3 West 8th Avenue, at the corner of Ontario Street). Having dubbed themselves a “Monthly Queerological Dancing Committee” on their

MySpace profile (myspace.com/bentvancouver), the Bent Collective does a dance party for everyone.

Bent newcomers can expect dance party themes that range from Depress Junior Bent to the most recent, Bikesexual Bent (an event especially for Vancouver's numerous “glamorous queers with gears”). Retro, pop, electro, rock and hip hop, compliments of DJs Ruggedly Handsome, artfick, Dance Mix 96, and more, plus special performances and head-turning dance moves a-plenty. Duff your fanny pack and lace up your high-top. Homos rock. \$3 cover and doors open at 10 pm.

Illustration by Alison Benjamin

Jews On A Plane

by Darren Susin

WHEN THE SILVER JEWS PARK outside Richard's in a couple weeks, it won't be any sort of homecoming. Instead, it will be a chance to finally see David Berman perform songs we've been hearing for years. Berman's tour history is sparse, to say the least. In fact, he doesn't really have one, save some poetry readings and university lectures to earn cash between albums.

When American Water first dropped it was immediately something special. From Berman's stumbling voice and skin-deep lyrics to Malkmus' signature guitar, the Silver Jews were anything but a Pavement side project. Berman's sing-speak style and clever word-play separate him from virtually every other singer. As for his stage presence, recent reviews have Berman using music stands to hold lyrics, apologizing to fans for not touring sound, and having his wife Cassie play bass. Needless to say, this is probably your only chance to see the Silver Jews, so attendance is virtually mandatory.

Richards in Galoshes

by Quinn Omori

MISTAKE #1: REFUSING TO FORGO another Family Guy rerun in order to make it down to Dick's to catch the entire opening set by Silversun Pickups.

I did manage to get into the venue in time to see their last couple of numbers, and while the three-piece's thick racket of Pumpkinsque chords wasn't exactly breaking new ground, it was good enough to make me curse the combination of Stewie Griffin and my own laziness.

Then the waters came. It wasn't exactly biblical, starting as a small puddle by the main bar—something that might have been mistaken for an unfortunately

large drink spill—except it didn't stop growing. The drains backing up at the bar slowly crept further onto the Richard's dance floor, and while a puddle that's mostly booze and water isn't exactly pleasant, it's much



better than puddle of something backing up out of a toilet or several. It seemed that the venue's plumbing was not in the mood for rock nor roll, as the flood at the bar was soon joined by some liquid concoction slowly

creeping its way out of the ladies washroom. And then, just as Ladyhawk finished setting up their gear, the show was cancelled. Fair enough. I suppose, although it led me to my second folly of the evening.

Mistake #2: Thinking that you're brilliant as you rush off to catch the snooze fest that was Six Organs of Admittance at the Media Club, before finding out that Ladyhawk and Magnolia Electric Co. were going to set up shop at the Marine Club.

And they did. And it rocked (so I've been told).

Illustration by Melanie Cole

KLED UBC STUDENTS. GRAND TRADITION WOULD SEE AN ALPHABETICAL LISTING OF ALL THE VENUES AND INDEPENDENT RECORD STORES IN THE CITY. THIS YEAR WE'VE
 ITTERS OUT THERE IN THE TRENCHES. THERE'S MORE TO THIS CITY THAN THE COMMODORE BALLROOM, AND WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO GET OUT THERE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN.

Alf House on East Georgia

by Patricia Matos

WHETHER YOU'RE LOOKING for a new place to go, or just like cramped spaces, the Alf House in Vancouver's terminally hip East Side definitely has character. Although it's a bit of a hunt to find at first (tucked in a half-residential, half-industrial side street), the House has seen its fair share of both local and touring bands. Most recently Halifax's own noisy dance punks Sharp Like Knives headlined a sweaty, drunken night of mostly local acts for a mere \$4. Since shows are performed in the house's tiny basement, climbing up and down the narrow stairs while bands set up can be a pain in the ass. But it

doesn't really matter, considering the handful of people actually living in the house are pretty cool and don't mind if you use the last of their cups. Just leave their bikes alone and try not to use the back door.

Illustration by Melanie Coles



What Ever Happened With The Brickyard?

by Dan McCash

NOTHING RECAPTURES MEMORIES OF BYGONE times more than the power of smell. The rich and complicated layers of stale beer aroma subtly combined with the fragile bouquets of cigarette smoke and East Hastings urine, for me, reanimates the memory of Gastown's recently deceased venue, The Brickyard.

The Brickyard, like so many Vancouver music venues, has dwindled to nothing more than a fond memory; however, rather than metamorphosing into yet another squalid night club for under-agers, the figurative phoenix of The Limerick Junction has risen from the Brickyard's ashes.

The space has been bought out and cleaned

up by the neighboring owners of The Irish Heather with the intention of continuing the spirit of The Brickyard, fostering Vancouver's local music scene. Thursday nights, especially, have taken on the mandate of generating a welcoming band community, inviting groups from all around to play sets alongside the Thursday night house band, The February March.

The name "Limerick Junction" doesn't exactly evince images of a venue for experimental music: I don't get the sense that they'll be hosting any Dandi Wind shows anytime soon. From the looks of the website, the production team is largely catering to Vancouver's good old fashioned rock 'n' roll scene. But, in good time, it should be interesting to see what develops!

For more information on live music at the Junction, visit www.myspace.com/sugartuneproductons.



THE SUNDAY SERVICE WINK CAFÉ

by Marlaine Mah

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU sat down and laughed for an hour and a half straight? If your answer is "every Sunday," then either you're the most exasperating member of your congregation or you've already heard of The Sunday Service at Wink Café (151 E. 8th Ave). Yes it's called the Sunday Service but it's not church. It's live improvised theatre and it will make your stomach hurt with giggles.

On August 19th, Ryan Bell and Taz Vanrassel celebrated their show's one-year anniversary. The night started off with Taz holding a mike to his cell phone and playing an archive of messages from his voicemail, containing a neurotic Ryan worrying no one would come to the show, or that they would bomb it, and suggesting they should cancel the night entirely. His insecurity is entirely unwarranted. The improv night's usual Sunday show is always jam-packed, and the only times people aren't laughing are when they're sideswiped by the pair's remarkable ability to put the "theatre" back in "improvised theatre"—making you care for the characters and delivering real moments of poignancy. This isn't your step-dad's Whose Line is it Anyway?; this is the DEA 1979 of theatre: escapist, absurd and entertaining above all, but always based on real personalities that just happen to be grappling with hilarious situations. At 9:00pm the fun starts, but nowadays you need to get there by 8:30pm to get a table or to make friends with strangers and share theirs.

In suit and tie, Ryan and Taz hosted the first portion of the night with a lineup of comedic guests, opening with David Shumka's stand-up routine of nervous but endearingly delivered one-liners. Ryan and Taz followed, showing a sketch comedy video of themselves as a gangly, fruitily-choreographed but deeply committed, French-Canadian hip hop dance crew (Fleur 2 Fresh) performing at the Canadian Hip

Hop Dance Championships'. Other guests to follow were sketch comics Sean and Kevin, known as the The Living Room guys, and then David Milchard sitting on an amp, sarcastically singing a song on guitar. Milchard also performs at Wink Café about once a month at a night called It's Good to Know People. Ryan, Taz, Sean and Kevin finished off the first half of the night by dubbing a scene from the C-movie The Brain That Wouldn't Die, a segment nostalgically reminiscent of a live-action Mystery Science Theatre 3000.



As always at The Sunday Service, the first half of the night is comprised of short-form improv games, and then after a quick break the long portion of the evening ensues, with Ryan and Taz asking the crowd for suggestions to inspire the scenes to come.

On this night Ryan and Taz leisurely broke in and out of character, moving from story to reality and at times regaling us with song. One little ditty recounted an occasion when Ryan was heaving sick before a show (not an uncommon occurrence, apparently), inspiring

a crowd sing-along of the chorus line, "Ryan throws up, Ryan throws up!"

There seem to be no rules to their act. At one point, Taz threatened to leave the show and Ryan had to sing a song to lure Taz back on stage. They stuck to the underlying theme of the night, the history of their friendship, engaging us to no end with their freestyle form.

The crowd at Wink is an always energetic array of interesting people, which is both a blessing and a curse for a genre that invites a good amount of crowd participation. The cracked-out imaginations of the audience never fail to produce a range of outrageous comments. Like two friends entertaining guests in their basement suite, Ryan and Taz work so naturally with the crowd and the surroundings that any unexpected contributions—a sound from outside, a projector sheet falling down, a less-than-gentle heckler—are ingeniously incorporated into the performance. A couple Sundays ago, a young lady's cell phone rang during the longer portion of the night, and Ryan walked into the crowd, answered her phone and converted his conversation with the mystery caller into a major plot point of the scene. This is how it goes, every Sunday night at Wink Café. Unpredictable as fuck. But whether you come to see a genre of theatre lifted to new artistic heights or just laugh your ass off at a pair of witty, irreverent dudes, you're gonna leave The Sunday Service on a high.

5

GENTLEMAN



Handwritten signature: *Reg*

REG

by Mono Brown
PHOTO BY STEPHANIE FORDER

G.Reg: First I would like to acknowledge that I'm listening to Juliana Hatfield while writing these answers.

Discorder: Easy question first: what is your favourite queer film, and why?

The film *Lilies* comes to mind. It's a Canadian film from the mid-90s, and is based on the play *Les Feluettes*. I first saw it on a trip to Halifax with a friend from high school (and one of the girls from the band Jale was working the ticket booth).

It's very passionate and theatrical and tragic, and is beautifully shot. And I think it sticks with me because of the time in my life when I saw it and where I was at with my own sexuality.

Recently I just saw Julie Johnson with Lili Taylor and Courtney Love, and they're both fantastic in their roles. The script could be a bit better, but they did a great job with what they had.

Besides the release of your video for "Over My Head" this past July (directed by Sara St. Onge, and stunningly beautiful), both you and your song "It's Not Safe" appear in John Cameron Mitchell's latest film, *Shortbus*. How did you get involved with the film?

Well, I'd met John several years ago when the Hidden Cameras were playing a show in New York. He came to see us play and naturally we were all excited he was there, and he and I just hit it off and kept in touch ever since. And naturally he got to know my music, and chose my song for his film partially based on the main lyric. 'It's not safe to be naked.' And then after he saw my video for "The Boyfriend Song," I think he realized I looked OK on film, and asked me to do a cameo in *Shortbus*, since there's a recurring bit about an albino. I'm definitely the go-to boy when someone needs an albino. And my part didn't get cut, yah!! My debut on film.

Aside from your upcoming appearance at Vancouver's Out on Screen Queer Film Festival with an assemblage of local musicians, what kinds of musical collaboration can fans expect from you next?

Well, lots actually. I've been singing with some other bands lately-- Kids on TV, Republic of Safety. And I'll do more of that. Owen (Final Fantasy) and I are always talking about making a record someday, whenever he gets a free minute.

Joel asks me to sing with the Hidden Cameras occasionally, and I'm starting work on the new Gentleman Reg album this fall. And then a brand new project, which I don't want to jinx by talking about it, will unfold shortly, and will hopefully make you want to dance when it's through.

And of course, every night I dream that Kevin Drew will call me up again to sing with his band.

What West Coast bands does Gentleman Reg listen to?

I always love The Organ. We have a fantastic time on the road together, and Katie has sung with us on occasion. And of course check out all the bands that are going to be forming my back-up band for this Vancouver show: Bella, Woodhands, and The Fall Collection.

Any last words for G.Reg's growing Vancouver fanbase? Like, when will you come see us next?

I'm anticipating lots of travel this fall, so hopefully Vancouver can be included in that. But not in the winter. I'm sorry, I need light!

For upcoming Gentleman Reg appearances along the West Coast, keep an eye on gentlemanreg.com.

TORONTO'S GENTLEMAN REG (AKA REG Vermue of Guelph, Ontario and Three Gut Records infamy) is no stranger to the silver screen. Fans of Reg may recall that his steaming hot 2005 video for Darby & Joan's, "The Boyfriend Song," was deemed unfit for broadcast (although not, ahem, for online viewing), but since then the sweet-singing indie pop artist has found his way back into the limelight. Reg and I exchanged emails about his rising stardom before his live performance at the 2006 Vancouver Queer Film Festival.



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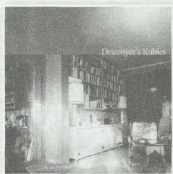
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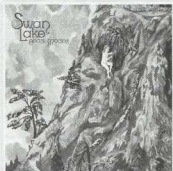
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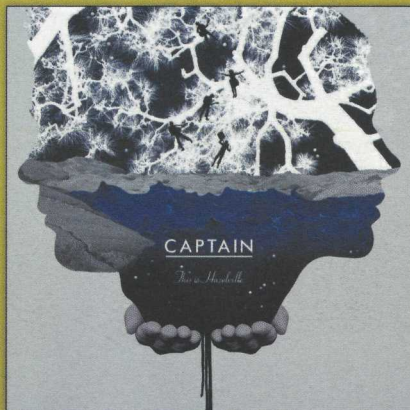
CALENDAR:



Lullaby Baxter	Sept 7 - SUB Courtyard
Blood Meridian	Sept 7 - Gallery Lounge
De La Soul w/Cadence Weapon	Sept 10 - Pit
Final Fantasy	Sept 19 - Norm Theatre
Catlow	Sept 21 - Gallery Lounge
Greg MacPherson	Sept 22 - UBC Farm
Hylozoists	Sept 27 - Gallery Lounge
Scott Thompson (of Kids In The Hall)	Oct 3 - Norm Theatre
Ian Wright (Lonely Planet/Pilot Guides)	Oct 12 - Chan Centre
Maude Barlow - In Lecture	Oct 15 - Chan Centre
Tokyo Police Club	Nov 17 - Gallery Lounge

WWW.AMS.UBC.CA/EVENTS

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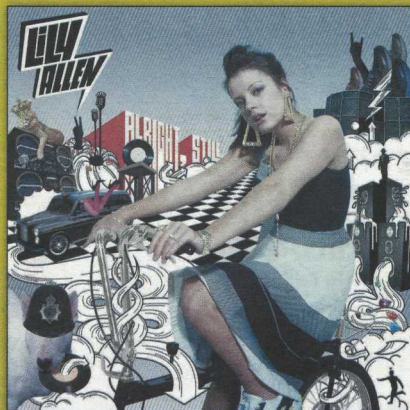


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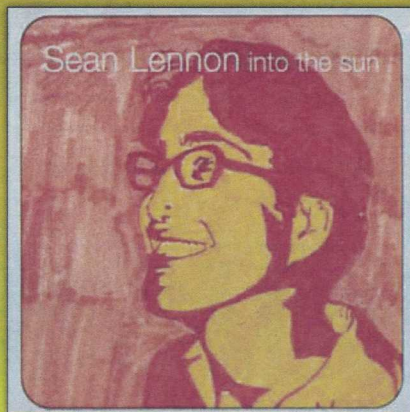


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FOR THE DNA INTACT, **MUTATORS** are best described as sounding like the sinking of the Titanic... in something. Expect two new 7-inches of this sonic disaster to surface/sink shortly. If it is live Mutators you desire, it's best to note that they follow Slafu, the killer ant spirit, to the trail of being paralyzed and pregnant. This trail, evidently, leads down the West Coast. With the aid of their chauffeur Keith, the trio will be checking out of Vancouver at the end of the month. Before they tussle with the border you can catch them, twice in fact: Pub 340 on the 15th and Lamplighter on the 21st. Don't be surprised if they re-emerge after their West Coast spirit quest as the Meow-tators, only to be seen at feline welfare benefit concerts. Slafu loves cats.



Photo by Sarah Cordingley

JUSTIN

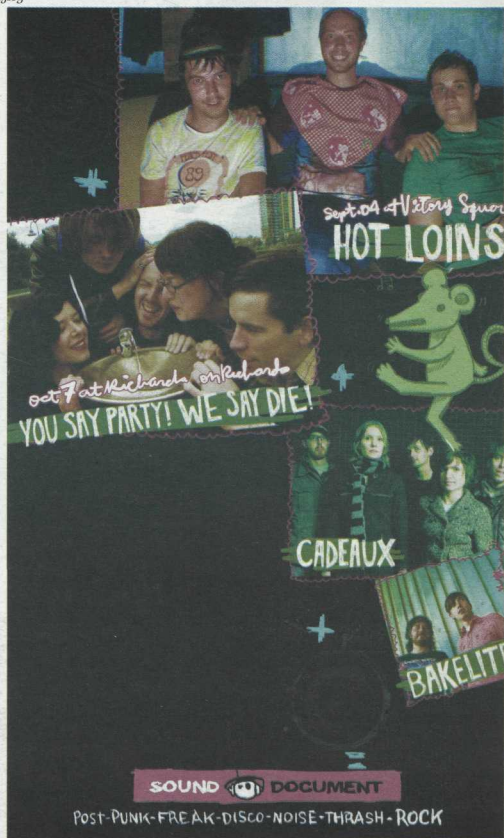
- 1 **Yummy Fur** - "Policeman"
This song is cool. Neat cool.
- 2 **Puzzle Punks** - "VUDU"
This song makes me smile. Seriously....It really does.
- 3 **Beyonce** - "Check On It"
I like to dance to this song. Real neat.
- 4 **John Cage** - "Music for Marcel Duchamp"
This is neat - WOW!!!
- 5 **Dirt McGirt** - "Lift Ya Skirt Up"
Cool fun.
- 6 **Kleenex** - Hitch-hike
Puke in the shape of a heart.
- 7 **Doodoos** - Picnic on a Frozen River
This song is more like picnic on a frozen neat!

BRODY

- 1 **Grethe Agatz** - "Ekkoleg"
If only children thrown down wells could sound this good.
- 2 **Sonny Sharrock** - "Soon"
Outtake from the Picture Pages theme song sessions.
- 3 **Reveen** - "Stop Smoking and Overeating"
Like Texas Chainsaw Massacre kind of gnarly.
- 4 **Patty Waters** - "Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair"
Witness 17 fake female orgasms.
- 5 **Brainbombs** - "Mommy Said"
Summertime goodtime pigsty wedding march soundtrack.
- 6 **Sun City Girls** - "TNT"
Taken from Teen Wolf 2.
- 7 **Missy Elliot** - "Can't Stop"
Hella sick.

LIANE

- 1 **The Residents** - "For Elsie Part 5"
POPULAR!
- 2 **The Residents** - "The New Hymn"
SINGULAR!
- 3 **The Residents** - "Godsong"
WELL-LIKED!
- 4 **The Residents** - "Final Confrontation"
NOWHERE ELSE!
- 5 **Negativland** - "Michael Jackson"
VERIFIED!
- 6 **Philip Glass** - "Rubric"
YOU WILL!
- 7 **Philip Glass** - Closing
AUTONOMOUS!



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REISSUING CANADIAN HERITAGE ONE ALBUM AT A TIME

by BRock Thiesens

PHOTO BY KELLY CLAUDE NAIRN

THROUGHOUT CANADA'S SHORT HISTORY IT'S been all too common that we don't readily celebrate our own, and the music world has been no exception. Historically, most music made in this country is routinely forgotten, greeted with apathy and a general lack of concern. This unresponsiveness started early in Canada, where, ironically, the composer of our national anthem, Calixa Lavallée, set off for the greener pastures of America when he could no longer make a living here. This set the stage for a musical brain-drain that plagued us for many years. Yet there are signs that Canadians do in fact care enough to reverse this negative trend in our musical heritage. The gradual growth of the Canadian indie rock scene into a worldwide phenomenon is one case that shows it is possible for us to revere our music. Another recent example of this willingness to change is the outpouring of affection surrounding the release of a Canadian compilation, *Light in the Attic's Jamaica to Toronto: Soul Funk and Reggae 1967-1974*.

The main authority behind *Jamaica to Toronto* is Kevin Howes, a.k.a. Sipsreano of Vancouver. Howes, who's been with the project since 2003 and compiled the compilation, is happy that we are finally giving forgotten Canadians some long overdue respect. He had the opportunity to see this first-hand on July 15th at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre, where over 5,000 people attended a reunion concert that included the majority of the original artists featured on the compilation. "It's really overwhelming, the support and the love that the musicians got after so many years of neglect," says Howes. "I can't believe the breadths of how far this music is finally reaching some 30-40 years after the original records were made—long forgotten in most cases—and that's totally amazing."

The compilation, which ironically is on a US label, the Seattle-based Light in the Attic, has already amassed a series of glowing reviews and features from the likes of the *CBC*, *Globe and Mail* and *Stylus*. Even the trendsetters at Pitchfork gave it an impressive 8.1. The buzz is well-deserved this time around, for Howes has unearthed a mighty collection of songs that stands tall amongst anything in either Studio One's or Trojan's massive backcatalogs.

On *Jamaica to Toronto* we find a captivating melting pot of sounds and styles coming from a highly regarded set of Jamaican players, like the legendary Jackie Mittoo, Wayne McGhie, Johnnie Osbourne and Lloyd Delprat. As this group of Jamaican-Canadian transplants began calling Toronto their home in the '60s, they struggled to play for their new audience by blending the more indigenous sounds of island ska, rocksteady and reggae with a heavy mix of North American soul, funk and R&B. Among the album's 16 tracks, there are slow-paced soul numbers like "Fugitive Song" by Jo-Jo and The Fugitives, which has some of the most spine-tingling and cathartic yells ever put to tape. There are broken-hearted tales of men living in foreign lands set to dub rhythms like Noel Ellis' introspective "Memories." And then there are songs that are simply beyond classification, like the Cougars' jaw-dropping take on The Temptations' "I Wish It Would Rain," where the song's uniquely minimal arrangement and heartbeat drums rival the greatness of the original.

But Howes stresses that the immigration story behind *Jamaica*

to Toronto is just as essential as the music. By 1971 the West Indian population in Toronto was nearly 70,000, partly due to strict US quotas on immigration. When Canada relaxed its immigration standards in 1962 and again in 1967 (with the introduction of a "points system"), Toronto soon became a top pick for opportunity-seeking emigrants from the West Indies. Also, Howes explains that the thought of being drafted to fight in Vietnam if they moved to America played another crucial role in the decision to come to Canada. For many Jamaican expatriates residing in Toronto in the '60s, music was an indispensable part of life, and they grasped onto this music to deal with cultural transition the best way they could.

"It was always a love thing with these guys, and they were always trying to be positive in the face of this big transition and adversity and poverty," says Howes. "It was a huge culture shock for them to come

cohort, Matt Sullivan, eventually found themselves boarding a plane to Toronto with a box of Jamaican-Toronto 45s to visit the long lost Wayne McGhie. Here they planned to discuss the reissue of the holy grail of funk, *Wayne McGhie and the Sounds of Joy*, on Sullivan's label Light in the Attic, but the unexpected happened. As Howes dropped 45s for McGhie in his Toronto home, emotions flared, memories were sparked and big plans were hatched. Before long, both Sullivan and Howes realized that more had to be done than just reissue McGhie's album, and this meeting proved to be the birth of *Jamaica to Toronto*.

"When I envisioned the compilation I didn't imagine that it would turn into this," says Howes. "I wanted to put out a CD, show this great music and document some of the stories, but it's sort of taken on a life of its own." The *Jamaica to Toronto* project will soon greet the fall with two more installments, Noel Ellis' self-titled album

of heavy dub and reggae from 1983, and, Howes' first find, *Wishbone*, by renowned organ player Jackie Mittoo. Along with several more full-length installments in the *Jamaica to Toronto* series, there are also plans to compile numerous 45s with some exclusive b-sides. And after the huge success of the original reunion concert, a traditional soul revue featuring many of the original players will be embarking across Canada in the near future. There's even mention of further documentation with a potential book written by Howes. But perhaps the most ambitious project is the plan to make a feature-length documentary about the *Jamaica to Toronto* experience. Howes and co. are now in the early stages of editing a documentary about the project, which will include contemporary interviews, archival footage, concert filming and a trip to Jamaica.

While all the madness surrounding *Jamaica to Toronto* is certainly enough to keep Howes busy, he is determined not to let himself be classed as a one-trick pony. He plans to give something back to the West Coast this fall by releasing an album under his Sipsreano moniker for Vancouver label 1777rex. Howes describes it as an album of original material that will incorporate a lot of live instruments and singing into some more sample-based atmospheres. The Sipsreano album will be the 4th release on

Steve Balogh's new imprint, 1777rex, which will also be releasing 100 handmade copies of the long-lost Points Gray album (Destroyer's Dan Bejar and July 4th Toilet's Robert Dayton) and the new Ice Palace (Lyndsay Sung of Radio Berlin/Pink Mountaintops and Rich Traxwick of 3 Inches Of Blood).

But no matter what coast Howes is working on, his pro-active and ambitious attitude is a welcome addition in a time where Canadians seem to be trying to shake off the polite apathy of the past. Howes sums up *Jamaica to Toronto* and his view on Canadian music best when he says, "It's not just a Toronto story. I see it as a huge Canadian story. It's a story we should all embrace. It's our history, so let's learn from it and let's celebrate it. Let's take some pride for once and recognize what we have here."

For further information about future *Jamaica to Toronto* releases please visit *Light in the Attic* at www.lightinthattic.net and keep an eye out for Sipsreano's album and other 1777rex releases at www.myspace.com/1777rex.



from Jamaica, which is a land of sun and surf, to -10 [degrees] and knee-deep snow. To adapt to a new society that was running at such a different pace than the islands was so hard, and they faced a lot of racism, but it was amazing that they just loved the music so much. It came from such an honest place in their hearts that they just got involved in the music scene."

So, why is it that some outsiders from the West Coast ended up being the ones to wake everyone up to this undocumented history? The answer begins with Howes playing the double-role of music historian and DJ in mid-90s Vancouver. During his search for old sounds, he stumbled upon his first record from the Jamaica-Toronto scene, Jackie Mittoo's *Wishbone*. Soon, other records from the scene began to slowly materialize in bins and crates as Howes diligently searched for more pieces to the puzzle.

His insatiable curiosity eventually got the better of him, and he wanted more than just the records—he wanted answers. Since Howes found literally zero information in print he went straight to the source and started tracking down these old ghosts one by one. Through a series of chance meetings, in 2003 he and his new



Photo by Megan Bourne

september

sunday

monday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday

3 Rogue Wave, The Awkward Stage @ Plaza Club Yerba Buena, D'Tale @ Croatian Cultural Centre Vancouver, Flood of Fire, The Hits, Jettie the Youngsters @ Railway Club Flatline Construct, Taskmaster, Hobgoblin @ ALF House	4 Victoria Square Block Party feat. They Shoot Horses, Don't They? , Hot Licks , The Battles , The Doers , The Nons , The Winks , No Feeling , Precious Fathers @ Victoria Square Yellowward, Emery, Reeve Oliver, Lilix @ UBC SUB Ballroom	5 Bettye LaVette @ Yale Nouvelle Vague @ Plaza Club Raygun Cowboys The Sick Jicks @ Railway Club	6 Silver Jews @ Richard's Laurie Anderson @ Ironworks Lena, The Awkward Stage, Ben Sigston @ Media Club Pneuma, idiomgram, Petwell @ Lamplighter	7 Dino Suzuki @ Anza Club 3 Inches of Blood, A Javelin Reign, Odeasa @ Media Club Lullaby Baxter, Hip Pocket @ UBC SUB Courtyard Battless Chaps @ W.I.S.E. Hall	8 Herald Nix, Rodney Decroo (of Deep Purple) @ Commodore The Feminists, Underpump @ Lamplighter Flood of Fire, Hellrazer, First Reign @ W.I.S.E. Hall	9 Brian Jonestown Massacre, The Book of Lists @ Richard's The Exporators @ VPL Plaza (Maitine) Wallin Jennis @ Capi College Theatre Fun 100, Vincent, Slacks, Chris-a-Riffle @ Marine Club Treacherous Machete Vancouver, Hot Licks @ Pub 340	1 Yashit Banyan, piano @ Richard's Of Montreal, Faurge @ Plaza Club International Pop Overthrow @ Railway Club Fudmilit, Screaming Eagles, Wood Hands @ Media Club Down to Earth @ Walder Rely, A Pale Blue @ Pub's Pub	2 Blue Monday Betrayed @ Video-in Studios Thanksgiving, Yukon @ The Union Jacks @ Lamplighter, Maitine Macula, Glim Project, Shiver, Stand Down @ Lamplighter Kincaide, Callahan, The Mary Belle, Jaws @ Pit Pub
10 Ben Watt (of Everything But The Girl) @ Caprice De La Soul, Cadence Weapon @ UBC Pit Pub Richard Buckner, Eric Bachmann (of Crooked Fingers) @ Richard's The Yankers, The Homebreakers @ Cobalt Treshell, Rebecca Ramone @ Railway Club	11 Dylan Thomas, The Summer Brothers, Rodney Decroo @ Railway Club Sexually Active Corpse, Mistress Jen @ Cobalt	12 Melvins, Big Business @ Commodore Dragonforce, All That Remains, Horse The Band @ Croatian Cultural Centre Shindig! @ Railway Club Emily Madden @ Café Deux Seals	13 Bob Log III, Blowfly @ Richard's Brandon Paris Band, Tom Howie, Bright Light Display @ Media Club Art of Dying, Kevin Hallows @ Lamplighter	14 Rodney Graham, The Book of Lists, Hello Blue Roses @ Plaza Club The Casualties, Wednesday Night Heroes, Igniter @ WISE Hall Battless Chaps Vancouver, Roger Dean Young & the Tin Cup @ Railway Club	15 Sound Extensions @ Cham Centre Mutators, Dhoom, Cheerleader Camp @ Pub 340 Organk, Ocean Sea, Namodropper @ Lamplighter Vancouver Student Film Festival @ Unity Theater The Mutators, Creepshow @ Pub 340	16 Dynad, Outlaw Social @ St. James Hall Waiting For Roger, The Februarys @ Azure The Hoeseog, Helbert Century @ Cobalt Vancouver Student Film Festival @ Unity Theater The Mutators, Creepshow @ Pub 340	22 James Murphy (of LCD Soundsystem), The Juan Maclean @ Cobalt Two Gallants @ Pub's Pub Viva Voca, Belia, In Media Res @ Media Club Scorched Earth Policy @ Columbia	23 Ice-T @ Commodore Make The Lion, The R.A.F., One Eleven Archer @ Backstage Lounge Vancouver Steel Guitar Festival @ W.I.S.E. Hall British Columbia Chamber Orchestra @ Cham Centre
17 Subtle, Handsome Furs @ Plaza Club The Legendary Shack Shakers, The Grange @ Media Club The Models, The Critics @ W.I.S.E. Hall Jerusalem Quartet @ Cham Centre (Maitine)	18 The Models, Colin Spring @ Railway Club Walken, Cambodia, Low Life @ Cobalt	19 Final Fantasy, Bob Wiseman, The Phonemes @ UBC Norm Theatre DJ Shadow, Latent the Truth Speaker @ Commodore Shindig! @ Railway Club Jerusalem Quartet @ Cham Centre	20 Amy Millan (of Stars), Mayor McCa @ Richard's Rank 1 @ Plaza Club Mark Berube Band @ Railway Club The Mercutius, The Twitch @ Lamplighter	21 Carlson @ UBC Gallery The Hall Collection @ Plaza Club Great Aunt Ida, The Choir Practice, Fond of Tigers @ Railway Club Vancouver Steel Guitar Festival @ W.I.S.E. Hall	28 Hylozoists @ UBC Gallery DJ Krush, No Luck Club @ Commodore The Presents, The Sessions @ Plaza Club Run Chico Run @ Lamplighter	29 Andrew Bird @ Media Club Billy Bragg, Geoff Berner, The Commodore Mud River, The Grass, Burnside @ Railway Club Power Clown @ Cobalt The Remnants, Raised By Apes, The Cause @ Pub 340	30 Junior Boys, Ensemble @ Plaza Club (Early Show) Min Man Club @ Media Club Caps & Jones @ Columbia Geoff Berner, Carolyn Mark, Dave Lang @ Time Clay Remnants, Raised By Apes, The Cause @ Pub 340	
24 Mojave 3, Brightback Morning Light @ Plaza Club Starsalor, Peter Walker @ Richard's Kate Field, Yvette Nurbok @ Railway Club Jerusalem Quartet @ Cham Centre (Maitine)	25 George Canyon, Gord Bamford @ Commodore Lesley Sutland, Kory Beaudoin, T. Nite & The Peels @ Railway Club	26 Phoenix, La Rocca @ Richard's Hawksley Workman & The Wolves @ Commodore Shindig! @ Railway Club The Turn, Chris Witoski, Suzi, Pedwell, Emily Madden @ Media Club	27 Hylozoists @ UBC Gallery DJ Krush, No Luck Club @ Commodore The Presents, The Sessions @ Plaza Club Run Chico Run @ Lamplighter	28 Hylozoists @ UBC Gallery DJ Krush, No Luck Club @ Commodore The Presents, The Sessions @ Plaza Club Run Chico Run @ Lamplighter	29 Andrew Bird @ Media Club Billy Bragg, Geoff Berner, The Commodore Mud River, The Grass, Burnside @ Railway Club Power Clown @ Cobalt The Remnants, Raised By Apes, The Cause @ Pub 340	30 Junior Boys, Ensemble @ Plaza Club (Early Show) Min Man Club @ Media Club Caps & Jones @ Columbia Geoff Berner, Carolyn Mark, Dave Lang @ Time Clay Remnants, Raised By Apes, The Cause @ Pub 340		

THE AGE OF ELECTRIC EMPIRE

by Curtis Woloschuk ILLUSTRATION BY BEN FREY



PART THREE

Previously: The nefarious Todd Kerns escaped custody and reunited Age of Electric! The villains invaded The Super Group's headquarters and demanded the return of Kurt Dahle! In the ensuing melee: Chris-a-riffic flew into a paint-fuelled rage! Ladyhawk were electrocuted! The Winks summoned a celestial emissary to combat the villains! The identity of Kerns' puppet master was revealed!

“BIP NAKED?” THE STATICKY VOICE of Jack Duckworth was still barely audible over the command console's damaged speakers. “Are you serious?”

“We should have seen this coming,” moaned Jason Grimmer, who was hunkered over the console's controls. “She's been consolidating allies for years.” The Super Group's leader brought the mapping system back online. “I'm uploading coordinates to your PDA. Take her down hard.” He ended the transmission.

“Grimmer?” One of the video monitors flickered back to life. Onscreen, Shawn Bristow and Andy Dixon were convened around a laptop in the headquarters' tech room. Bristow peered up at the camera. “I think we lost communication for a while. Any developments?”

“What the hell are you guys doing?” Grimmer demanded.

“Watching this sleepy baby monkey on YouTube. Why?”

“Dude, you should totally see this shit,” interjected a transfixed Dixon. “It's, like, the cutest thing ever.”

Reining in his rising anger, Grimmer gritted his teeth. “We have ourselves a bit of a shitstorm upstairs. If you wouldn't mind joining us. ASAP.” He punched off the power button.

“Chief...” Kurt Dahle directed Grimmer's attention back towards the heart of the compound. The Winks' starfish guardian was lumbering ever closer to Age of Electric. The clustered villains had prepared a counterattack, manipulating their constantly morphing energy field into a giant, five-pronged entity of their own. “I think we're about to see a serious showdown.”

Grimmer joined Dahle at the communication platform's banister where they watched the altercation unfold. The starfish guardian was the first to move, lethargically raising one of its translucent

tendrils. The Kerns-controlled entity responded, waving its limbs and growing a pair of lightning-forked fingers. It advanced, clasp one of the starfish guardian's arms in a vice-like grip and forcing it behind the starfish's back. Caught in a submission hold, the starfish guardian collapsed onto its semblance of knees and unleashed a pained wail. “Beg for mercy,” demanded Kerns. The celestial emissary complied with an impotent bleat.

“That was anticlimactic,” muttered a crestfallen Dahle. The starfish guardian began to emit undulating sobs. “I think it's crying.”

“We are so totally fucked here,” Grimmer surmised.

At that moment, the compound's reinforced entrance swung open. The battered body of a Stone Sour fan sailed through the air and splattered on a wall like an insect on a windshield. They Shoot Horses' Chris-a-riffic and Josh crossed the threshold. Still ensconced in a paint fume psychosis, Chris-a-riffic widened his bloodshot eyes at the sight of the incandescent mayhem on hand. “Colours,” he marvelled. “They've all turned into colours.”

Kerns swivelled towards the new arrivals and flung his arms aloft. Waves of flickering electricity began to peel off of the five-limbed energy entity and collect in the villain's palms. Sensing an impending assault, Josh and Chris-a-riffic tightly latched their hands together. The contact instantly brought about an uncanny fusion and the pair mystically melded together to form a fully-grown unicorn.

Kerns' jaw dropped, and took his defences along with it. Noticing that the villain's field of electricity had momentarily dissipated, the unicorn broke into a gallop. Kerns desperately attempted to recompose himself. However, the lapse in concentration had proven his undoing. The unicorn lowered its head and sent its spiralling horn into the soft tissues of Kerns' midsection. As Age of Electric's vocalist/guitarist howled in agony, the horn exited through his back.

Bristow and Dixon filed into the room only to see a gored Kerns thrash through the last of his death throes, planted atop the head of a unicorn. Dixon whispered to Bristow, “Tell me those security cameras are working. We totally have to YouTube this shit.”

* * *

Adrenaline started to pump as Duckworth sensed that his quarry was close at hand. Moving through a narrow hallway, he noted band stickers and flyers stuck haphazardly to the brick walls. Heaps of magazines and newspapers slumped upon the floor. Naked was

obviously trying to maintain a low profile, he thought to himself. She usually frequented classier haunts. Storming towards a closed wooden door, he adopted his trademark scowl and mussed his hair menacingly. A vehement kick sent the door flying open.

The Super Group's dark avenger leapt through the entrance and found himself inside a compact office. Notices and dry-wipe boards lined the walls. Papers and notes were strewn across countertops. The floor was littered with CDs and newspapers. Naked was nowhere to be seen. Instead, two twentysomethings were positioned at computers, industriously clacking away at keyboards. “What the fuck is this?” questioned Duckworth.

“This is *Disorder*,” responded Alanna Scott. Spinning around in her desk chair, she looked Duckworth up and down. “You must be here to drop off a disc for SHINDIG.” The Production Manager looked to the bearded man seated to her left. “Dave? Where's the best place to...”

“Shit!” David Ravensbergen's eyes widened at the sight of the intruder. Gripped by a sudden panic, he shouted, “He's a fucking nazi! He's a fucking nazi!” The editor pulled open a desk drawer and snatched a plastic bag filled with mushrooms. Desperate to eliminate any evidence, he began shovelling the psychotropic fungi into his mouth and swallowing.

“Uh, Dave...” Scott suggested, “I don't think he's a cop.”

“Hey!” Art Director Will Brown stepped into the office with his nose buried in the *Rand McNally Road Atlas*. “Either of you been to Beaver Creek?”

Duckworth grabbed a pencil from a nearby desk and plunged it into Brown's thigh. His unsuspecting victim dropped to the ground while squealing in agony. Staring intently at Ravensbergen and Scott, Duckworth instructed, “One of you is going to tell me what's going on here.”

With Ravensbergen still wolfing down mushrooms, Scott was left to respond. “We're putting together our September issue.” Still befuddled by the line of questioning, she enquired, “Who are you exactly?”

“Jack Duckworth of The Super Group.” Continuing to keep a close eye on the trio, he pulled a cell phone from his jacket and dialled. “Grimmer? I think you should bring everyone down here. This situation has gotten seriously fucked up.”

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Having ingested all of the office's incriminating narcotics, Ravensbergen finally spoke. "If you're with The Super Group, that means one of two things," He paused. "Either I'm already high or I have to make a phone call too."

* * *

One hour later, a full complement of Super Group members and Disorder staff had collected in the CTR Lounge. Despite the dozens of attendees, pregnant silence filled the room. Everyone's attention rested on one individual: Curtis Woloschuk. Grimmer and Ravensbergen were interrogating the writer in an effort to discover how their different realities had converged. "I guess I still don't understand exactly how this happened," lamented the Disorder editor. He then closed his eyes in an effort to fend off the encroaching nausea and hallucinations.

"I fucked up," admitted Woloschuk. "When I was writing this instalment, I must have accidentally used the address for the office instead of Bill Naked's downtown penthouse." He raised his shoulders in an embarrassed and apologetic shrug. "It looks like we have a crossover on our hands."

"This is why I want copy in by the deadline," insisted a sweating Ravensbergen. "So we have time to fact check. So stuff like this..." He gestured wildly, taking in the room and the assembled crowd. "doesn't happen." He swatted at the air in front of his face. "Someone shut those fucking fruit bats up! Get me a jellysaurus!"

Grimmer pushed the hallucinating editor aside. Grabbing Woloschuk by the collar, he earnestly intoned, "Did you really think you'd get away with this?"

"Not really," replied Woloschuk. "I'm surprised it got as far as it did. When it all started, I... I guess I just wanted to do something different. I was so tired of the sycophantic shit I kept writing." He laughed. "Of course, this ended up being completely solipsistic instead. It wasn't really supposed to be like this."

Still exasperated, Grimmer demanded, "What the hell were you hoping to accomplish?"

"I'm not really sure," offered the writer. "It seems like everyone in this city takes themselves so seriously. I guess I just wanted to have some fun. Get a laugh or two." Woloschuk confessed. "The story ended up getting too big though. It got unmanageable. It also got compromised. I mean, there are three dozen people in this room and only three of us can talk because this has come in at 1,700 words." He looked at Ravensbergen. "I'd love for Dave to be more fucked up from all those mushrooms but there's just not space for it." Woloschuk considered Grimmer's question again. "What did I hope to accomplish? I'm not honestly sure if I ever figured that out." Then, he smiled. "I always knew how I wanted it to end though."

* * *

The mismatched furnishings had been removed from the lounge and replaced by an arsenal of instruments. Bass rumbles, tom beats and guitar squalls were heard as various local music luminaries prepped their gear. Meanwhile, the Disorder staff had all been outfitted with hand percussion. Woloschuk entered the room with cell phone in-hand. "Tom Jackson should be here in about a half hour," he announced. "He's bringing the mescaline and the hoboes." Seeing that everyone appeared ready, he enquired, "Any idea what we should play?"

"Slow's 'Have Not Been The Same?'" suggested intrepid Disorder reporter Quinn Omori.

The proposition met with a unanimous round of affirmative nods. In no time, the lead guitarists started into the seminal song's signature riff. After an epic build, the drummers kicked into a stomping rhythm. A wall of hand percussion was soon assembled in support. Grimmer uttered the song's first burst of soulful "ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo's. When the vocal hook sounded itself a second time, a chorus of twenty had his back. An onslaught of instrumentation waded into the fray. Removing the mic from its stand, Grimmer hunched over and belted, "I need a cool chance to make my troubles go away."

For at least one night, everything was alright in the Vancouver scene. **D**

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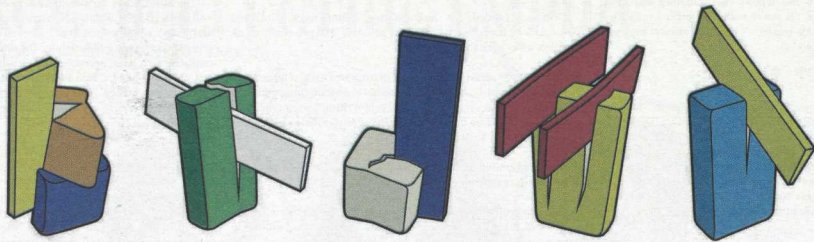
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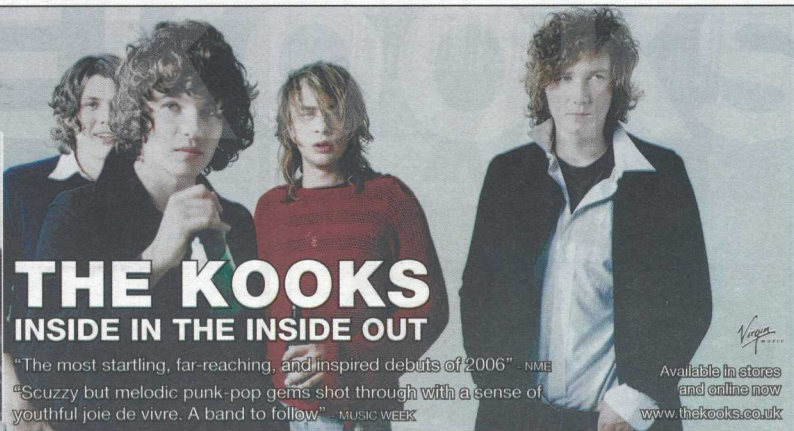
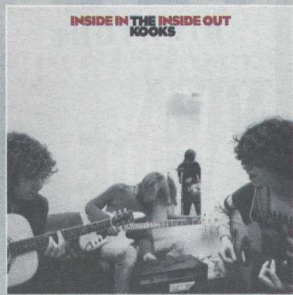
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LIVING FROGS AND ACCIDENTAL MAGIC

A CHAT WITH TODD AND TYR OF



by Allan MacInnis

PHOTO BY MEGAN BOURNE

ILLUSTRATION BY MAREK BULA AND TODD OF THE WINKS



XPLOING THE WINKS' STUDIO and performance space, Castle in the Clouds, one finds evidence of the band's love of ornamentation and creativity everywhere—mostly, one suspects, due to the ministrations of Tyr Jami, the cellist and co-founder of the band. Winks dolls and brightly coloured costumes from Tyr's fashion side project, Parlour Treats, line the walls. A ceramic sculpture of a puzzled head with twisted wires and plastic roses jutting from the open top sits on a shelf, amidst vintage sewing machines and computers. A clown marionette dangles from mounted antlers. It seems best to see the Winks perform in their natural environment—though Tyr usually brings tinsel and confetti and other props to concerts, too. As Todd McDonald, the mandolin player and the other half of the Winks core, remarks, "It's comforting for us to have lots of decorations and make each stage our home for 40 minutes."

I am very sad and very happy that the Winks are soon to leave Vancouver for Montreal. They bring something to the cultural scene here that is quite precious: I will miss them dearly, and wish them well. Like Adrian Burrus, their current drummer, I try to focus on how good the move will be for the Winks. "I think it will be great for them," he tells me. "They've been here for a very long time. And it makes sense in Montreal—I see big things for them there: the new album sounds terrific." Burrus and Winks' saxophonist Tim Sars will be voyaging to Montreal with the band starting mid-September. "It'll be our first time touring

as a four-piece, ever," Tyr tells me. "For our [2005] Australian tour, we couldn't afford to bring everyone and we picked [previous percussionist] Paul Panko, because we were going as a rock band and thought it would be good to have a drummer."

Although Tim Sars would love to keep playing with the Winks, he has too many commitments to other projects to relocate right now. Among other bands, he plays in the swing group Sweet Pea, is a member of the Saltines, and has his own project, the "dirty reggae funk" unit, Orange Monkeys, in which he sings and plays sax. He is soon to be a father, too—"the baby is due March 4th, so he'll be a Pisces, just like me." Sars and Burrus will return to Vancouver in October, while Todd and Tyr stay on in Montreal.

Asked why Winks lyrics tend to the abstract, Tyr explains that she doesn't always want people to know what they're singing about. "It started when I was journaling, when I was a lot younger, and I would write things in such a way that people—mostly her two sisters, Parlour Treats partner Jasa Baka and Kaethe Sabr—"wouldn't be able to figure out what I was talking about if they read it, sort of to protect my privacy! And with a song... You know, you feel that all these people that are listening to it, and it's like, really personal! You don't really want everyone to understand what you're talking about, so you make it a little bit more poetic and make it a little harder to understand."

There are other reasons besides snooping sisters not to explain magic and mystery. As Charlotte's Web author E. B. White said of analyzing humour, it's "like dissecting a frog. Few people are

interested and the frog dies of it." Todd expresses it slightly differently—he doesn't want "to feel ripped apart, like a skeleton"—but the point is the same. Questions about the practicalities of being the Winks miss the point of what the band is all about. "I don't like people even knowing we drive to the venue. I like the idea of showing up on a cloud, if that makes sense... I think some people in the audience sometimes don't like us because they think we're trying to do what we're doing, like it's a matter of struggling to make pop songs with a cello and mandolin and being really weird? But really, we don't spend any time making up a world for ourselves, it just sort of comes out... I like the idea of propelling this fake world that comes out by accident."

Tyr feels much the same. "I like creating a strange little alternative to reality, like, how Todd and I met at fishing camp because we caught the same fish and bumped into each other? It's true!" Tyr tells me, sweetly, and Todd laughs.

Tyr's part of the audience favourite, "Snakes!" ("he fell into the ocean/Then I had a headache/We watched him drown/ Melt, melt, melt, melt/ into the universe") is about Jasa moving to Montreal four years ago. "It was almost like someone dying." Tyr is very much looking forward to rejoining her sister. "I'll miss Vancouver at some point, but right now I'm just really excited about the change in scenery. I'm really happy about it and I'm looking forward to new things." The Winks' past performances there were very well-received, and Tyr tells me that Jasa "sees one cello player a day walking by there—here you don't really see that many."

Todd's sections of "Snakes!" developed while he was looking for song names on an online video game archive for pieces he was composing with fellow mandolinist Alex Lerchu. "I saw a game called 'Snakes!' so I started playing some chords (Dm, G, Bb, Dm) and yelling 'Snakes!'" (Todd illustrates, doing a little seated dance and pointing into the air for an exclamation mark). "Alex thought it was dumb, but when I played it for Tyr she instantly began writing lyrics. The same happened with my part of the song. It kind of wrote itself while I was imagining a scene of a woman scrubbing a floor of an apartment above a pub in the mid 1800s. She and her children had been abandoned, and the bartender/owner of the pub proposed to adopt the children and make her his wife. At first she found him disgusting, but she accepted, as she had no choice. As time passed she grew to love him and was proud of her home and family."

Intuition reigns in the castle of the Winks. Songs are woven from varied coloured threads, creating incongruous harmonies that can only be explained so far. Tyr's favourite song on the upcoming disc, "Correct," has three different lyrical parts. Tyr explains, "Adrian's vocals are about taking a girl out for lunch who was kind of a feminist and not being sure if it was okay to pay for her bill. My part's about playing in a Nirvana cover band and throwing people off my cello chair so I could play and asking people not to throw beer at my cello."

Tyr glances at Todd, and he takes over. "My part is having things you really want to talk to people about, but just making small talk and not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27



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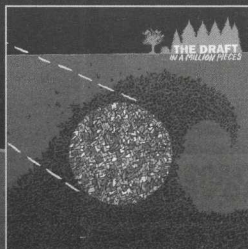
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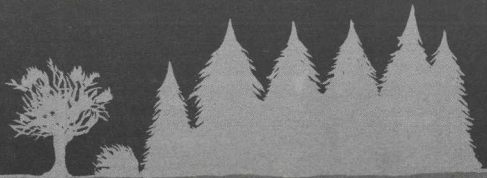
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AVAILABLE: 9.12.2006



really getting to them." I ask him whether all three verses are tied together by a theme of being "Correct," but he doesn't think so. "I originally named it 'Lamborghini,'" he tells me. For no particular reason; probably because of fight right. The Winks trust their instincts.

Tyr likes "Correct" because it is fresh, because everyone contributed to the composition, and because "it has tapdancing in it." Tyr taps. On-stage, Tyr, with bleached hair and fishnets, presents as an eleven flapper (she is much enamoured of the 1920s). She bows her cello with such grace and poise as to exude an utterly unique and compelling charisma. She tells me she has been playing cello since she was seven, and divides her time outside the Winks between nannying, busking Bach's unaccompanied cello suites, teaching cello, and raiding fabric dumpsters for Parlour Treats material, which she then handcrafts. "It's a very busy life, and we do a lot of work, but it's fun," says Tyr. Few 22-year-olds in Vancouver are likely as busy.

Todd has his own solo side-project, Prince of Walls ("like walling on your guitar in front of

dozens of people"). It can be found linked in the Friends section of the Winks' Myspace account, www.myspace.com/winks. Playing at Castle in the Clouds, he sways with gangly grace over his mandolin, and kneels to work pedals and create sheets of textured noise: he is the Thurston Moore of the mandolin (or perhaps the Lee Ranaldo). While Andy Dixon takes over for the Winks' side-project, Tights, Todd does the electronics on all Winks songs, and currently covets a Moog.

If anyone in town has not yet seen the Winks live, their September 3rd event, Twins, will see decks perform at the Castle in the Clouds. Aply named—it's a fortress of art in the midst of much that is grey—the space is located at 152 West Hastings. Parlour Treats clothing and Winks memorabilia (and maybe even some antiques) will be on sale, and Tyr promises "prize packages" for lucky attendees, who are encouraged to dress up as Twins. On the 4th, the Winks will participate in the Only Magazine block party, and an Ironworks gig is planned for the 15th ("the last Vancouver show for a very long time"). Check for updates at

www.thewinks.net/shows.html

Asked about the move, Todd says that it doesn't really matter where he is located—all places seem more or less the same—but he jokes that he will probably miss the "romance of the damp Vancouver winters. But we'll be trading it in for the romance of the sharp cold winters of Montreal. It's more dramatic, you know? There, you can actually, like, freeze to death? Here the worst that can happen is, you get damp. You catch a cold." Todd slumps in his seat to illustrate illness, then perks up. "I think the sharp cold of Montreal will sharpen us. Like knives!" He grins as he says this, gesturing dramatically, then leaps up to answer the door to the room we are in. The door is in a wall he built.

The Winks' Birthday Party will be released in December on Andy Dixon's Ache Records. The title, Todd tells me, refers to "all the birthdays you have in your life... I just had my 24th and only Tyr and Marek showed up, but we got to eat beans and grapes on the beach and drink gin."

Godspeed Winks! **D**



THE DRESDEN DOLLS

by Dan McCash
PHOTO BY ERIVER HIJANO



EVER SINCE SHE WAS FIFTEEN years old, Amanda Palmer has scribbled away in her diary with an imaginary audience in mind. Today, Amanda fronts the Detroit "Brechtian Cabaret Punk" duo known as The Dresden Dolls, where the audiences are now real people and the diary confessions are put to song for all to hear. But, like so many secret spare-time poets, Amanda has another outlet to explore her day-to-day emotions: she blogs about it.

In these blog postings, no real special attention is paid to classic forms of structure. Thoughts and feelings perform free-form dives from her fingers to the keyboard, typing from a tour bus halfway between her knows-what-and god-knows-where. With websites like MySpace and LiveJournal ushering in this new revolution of art/internet cross-pollination, technologically-aware lyrics begin to pop up in such unfamiliar places as in the Dolls' song "First Orgasm" ("I eat some Rice Chex / and I sit down to check my inbox").

But there is an inherent conflict at play here—how does one reconcile the ever-distancing external world (emails, blogs, MySpace pages and podcasts) with the inner self (the source of introspection and songwriting)?

Amanda's perspective is that people today are more obsessed with documenting experiences than they are with having them. "The problem is that you can always get something done [on a blackberry], and that's terrifying to think that there's no longer going to be a moment where you can just sit and think..." This tension is apparent in lyrics like, "God I love communicating. I just hate this shit we're missing" ("Modern Moonlight").

Musical Transitions vs. Failed Experiments

This compromise between external and internal worlds is an idea that runs through both of the albums Amanda has written in the past four years, moving to the fore on her latest effort. But these common themes aren't due to a rehabbing of old ideas. Rather, this consistency comes with writing both albums almost simultaneously. According to the band, many of the songs that make up the body of *Yes, Virginia* actually predate songs that appear on their self-titled debut.

This combination of old and new might also account for the

schizophrenic atmosphere that permeates Palmer's new album. Yes, *Virginia*'s crass, crashing, Ben Folds-esque rock-outs starkly contrast with sudden and very uncharacteristic ballads like the album's current single, "Sing," which arguably does not fall under the categories of Brechtian or punk.

But Amanda concedes that "calling ourselves Brechtian Cabaret Punk is actually a load of crap." The way she tells it, The Dolls like to sucker the listener into the song emotionally in order to lyrically "punch them in the face and wake them up to realize that it is actually all bullshit."

Amanda: I had no idea "Sing" was going to be the single... Unlike any other song I had ever written, I sat down with the intent to write a live song that our fans could sing along to as an experiment.

Disorder: And who are your fans on this tour?

Amanda: Our fans have boycotted this tour! Touring with Panic! At the Disco has been a generally failed experiment. We've reached a lot of kids, but we've also confused a lot of kids... But our fans have been coming to the film festival nights that we schedule on every third Panic! show where we play a second set at old theaters we book. It's been awesome.

Despite Palmer's insistence that *Yes, Virginia* is not really a transition, to an outsider, it would appear that their new songs bare a certain disparity to the old. This difference is one that is much more pronounced in the careers of Amanda's new friends, And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead.

Palmer contributed vocals to Conrad Keely's latest untitled opus, so the comparison holds: hailed as a progressive art rock accomplishment by critics, fans have been unimpressed of Trail of Dead's new direction and their transitional album, *Worlds Apart*, tanked in sales. Furthermore, after playing at the X Games on a bill with countless pop-punk bands, Trail of Dead are finding it more and more difficult to appeal to their older audiences. So what does this

mean for The Dolls?

After a spirited drum solo from The Dolls' Brian Viglione, a surging mob of 14-year-old gum-chewing Lululemon-clad girls begin chanting obscenities that are normally reserved for the opening band of a Slayer concert. Hearing "FUCK YOU, YOU SUCK!" from a crowded room of prepubescent girls makes it hard not to question one's artistic and musical direction.

Where originally we had seen the upsides of the new technologically-aware world through blogging and new mediums of musical exposure, it has become apparent that, at these shows, The Dresden Dolls are up against the dark side of technology—3000 girls text messaging friends and listening to iPods during the Dolls' opening set, waiting to scream and swoon over that particular boy-rock band that reigns this week on Much Music's "request by txt" hour.

The audiences at these shows are an army of kids sporting intentionally visible thigh straps and a militant obsession for fem-boyish recapturing of the Gucci Rock/eye-liner image made popular today by bands like The Killers and Interpol. By militant, I mean they march over anything that gets between them and the objects of their affections... such as the Dresden Dolls.

According to one girl I interviewed in the line up, "I listened to one of their songs on MySpace, but I turned it off because it made me want to kill myself. It was weird."

But, according to Amanda's latest blog entry, the Dolls take it all in stride as they do battle against the unmovable force that is Tween. They have adopted covering songs from Britney Spears to Bon Jovi on most nights with the hopes of further confusing the audience's fragile sensibilities. Where one would assume this kind of tour experience to be of a certain band-breaking caliber, it has had the opposite effect. In such utter bullshit conditions night after night, Amanda and Brian have had only each other to lean on for support.

In the case of the Dresden Dolls, it does appear that what doesn't kill us can only make us stronger. Mistakes and mishaps that don't tear the band to pieces can only make for stronger songs and heavier drum solos. The Dolls appear to have endured the giggly-girl-gauntlet and lived on to blog about it. **D**

Mixed Apes

HOW TO WHEATPASTE DIRECTIONS TO YOUR
HIDDEN MIXED APE

by Will Brown



Mixed Apes is more than just an insanely clever play on words. It's a musical exchange that's been years in the making. Officially launched with the publication of the August 2006 issue of *Disorder*, Mixed Apes seeks to cover the streets of Vancouver in song.

To get involved, head over to disorder.ca/mixedapes and equip yourself with the official mix-making paraphernalia. Now make a mix CD (or

tape, or dub plate) the best way you know how. Write down the track listing on the cover page, along with a description, personal message, or your hopes for a better world. Take your audio capsule and drop it off somewhere public: nooks and crannies are ideal, public transit is good, even sporting goods stores could work. Enjoy the warm sense of satisfaction that suffuses your being.

If you find a Mixed Apes CD, take

it! You've just received a gift from the universe. In order to prevent karmic imbalance, you should then proceed to make a mix of your own and place it in the same spot. Make lots of copies, and distribute them all around town.

Mixed Apes is constantly evolving. Email disordered@gmail.com with suggestions.

YOU KNOW THOSE POSTERS AND FLYERS POSTED TO telephone poles, construction walls, abandoned buildings? Or the multi-toned stencils made by propaganda artists (Banksy), opportunists (Shepard Fairey), and general rabble-rousers (everyone in France)? Well, you too can join the subversive fun by taking part in our ongoing Mixed Apes project (disorder.ca/mixedapes) and use the crustiest promotional tool around—wheatpaste!

THE SCENARIO:

We want to hide our Mixed Apes in forgotten alleyway nooks, but we're not sure if anyone is gonna end up finding them. So, if we wheatpaste a little Mixed Apes image (in this issue, a Mandrill!), maybe pointing to the crack or just hanging out nearby, people will know there's musical treasure around.

MAKING THE PASTE:

There are a lot of wheatpasting recipes out there. Most of them work, but I've found this one to be the best by far. Make a mixture of 3 tablespoons of white flour and just enough cold water to make it the consistency of syrup. Pour the cold mixture slowly into one cup of very hot water while stirring. Bring it to a boil and keep stirring. When it thickens into a clearish goo, let it cool. For even more strength, add a tablespoon of sugar after the glue has thickened. Don't be afraid to experiment. After using a portion you can save the rest by keeping it refrigerated.

TOOLS:

A bucket or ketchup squeeze-bottle filled with your paste, paint brush, credit card, razorblade (optional).

APPLICATION TECHNIQUE:

Wheatpasting works best on metal and concrete. The main idea here is to be quick and thorough. Once you've chosen a crack, gap, or ledge to stow your Mixed Ape, find a location nearby to place the image. Apply a thin layer of paste to the back of the image with your paint brush while it's on the ground (not too much or the ink will bleed), and a little to the spot where you're gonna put it. Slap it on the wall and smooth it out, removing any wrinkles or bubbles with your credit card. Then brush some paste to the edges and corners of the image to keep it secure. Slice the image up into sections with a sharp razorblade if you want to make removal by "The Man" especially aggravating.

You're done! Now you have a spot to share your Mixed Apes with the public.

BAXTER ROCKS

by Kat Siddle

NOTHING DELIGHTS ME MORE THAN A rock 'n' roll prof. You know, one of those profs who seems like a really cool person as well as a compelling teacher—someone you'd like to talk to at a party as well as listen to in a lecture hall. They're few and far between, these profs, and I've only been taught by a few of them during my extended stay at UBC. They are the profs who tell you about the bands they used to be in, the ones who let you write papers on T.A.T.U. and The Onion, the ones who stand at the front of the class dressed all in black and tell you to go see that new Johnny Cash biopic cause it's actually pretty good, though the music's still the best part. I have had a handful of really excellent profs at UBC, including Stephen Guy-Bray, the third-funniest man in the world; Janice Stewart, devoted lover of Johnny Cash; and Derek Gregory, who really knew how to make the ancient city of Ur come alive. But thanks to space restrictions, I've been forced to narrow the field down to the most rock 'n' roll prof at UBC.

When I took Children's Literature with Dr. Giselle Baxter back in 2003, it didn't take me long to realize that Dr. Baxter was easily the coolest person in the class. She dressed like the missing fifth member of Ladytron (still in their monochromatic Communist chic period then) and made us read five different versions of *Little Red Riding Hood* (spoiler: it doesn't always end well for Red.) By the time we got to *Junk*, a young adult novel concerning heroin addiction and squatting in mid-80s Bristol, I was smitten. It was ever going to be an academic, or even an adult, Dr. Baxter was someone I wouldn't mind being like.

Recently, Dr. Baxter acted as the faculty sponsor for UBC's student-led seminar, "Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll: Pop Culture, 1970s to Today". She still teaches Children's Lit regularly, and occasionally appears in the media to discuss issues in pop culture. This August, I asked her about her academic focus on decidedly non-academic subjects. I found out that, like so many smart-yet-cool people, Dr. Baxter spent several years in the student radio gutter, hosting her own show and writing for the student newspaper. Go figure.

Hi Dr. Baxter. Last year, you contributed to a student-led seminar that discussed "sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll", and it seems like you've done a lot of other academic work on pop-culture topics. What made you choose to focus on this subject?

My own interest in this material comes naturally to me: I was named for a pop singer (Giselle MacKenzie, one of the stars of *Your Hit Parade* back in the 1950s), and was a radio programmer at Dalhousie University for two years at the start of the 1980s, during which time I also wrote a record review column for the student newspaper. My academic focus on it probably had its origins when I was teaching at Dalhousie in the mid-1990s, just before moving out here. I was asked by a colleague to give a guest lecture on women in rock music, and worked up a whole presentation with sound clips and lyric sheets; that became the basis of a couple of colloquia I've contributed to in the English department here. My actual area of specialization is British Modernism, but the nature of sessional teaching (I'm about to start my 10th year as a fulltime sessional at UBC) means a limited amount of control over what you teach, and what you mostly teach is composition, especially first-year composition. The thing about first-year composition is that you are introducing students to the principles of university level writing, but they are in a variety of disciplines, with a variety of aspirations, so since I a) know little about macroeconomics or microbiology and b) have little interest in either, I try to find research topics that will lend themselves to the development of research skills while interesting

both the students and me. I decided to use popular culture as common ground, and so will have people look into advertising and branding, cultural production and the creation of mass phenomena, gender issues in popular culture, etc. So far it has worked very well.

I take it that your parents were also really interested in music and culture. Do you think their influence encouraged you to engage with it? Do you talk to them about music at all?

My mother certainly was interested in it, both in popular and classical music, so much of my initial love of music I owe to her. She probably tolerated some of the early preteen pop I liked, for example the Monkees, more than she actually "liked" it, but she was certainly willing to let me play it, and while we couldn't afford a lot of records, I could play the radio as much as I liked (which was virtually all the time when home). After *American Graffiti* came out (which I saw on its first release), we listened to multi-episode histories of rock 'n' roll on the radio, and she actually admitted to liking a lot more of the stuff aimed at younger people than what people her age were supposed to listen to. She wasn't nostalgic. I can't say I ever tried some of my more esoteric tastes in industrial or harder rock music on her (though she does know Johnny Cash's "Hurt" was written by Trent Reznor), but she liked a lot of the more melodic new wave, also a lot of the "classic" 60s and early '70s music my brother and I listened to. The Who, etc. (also to Johnny Cash's prison concert records, which my brother had, and which he and I had memorized; we would sing together a lot). She watched *Soul Train* with us in the 1970s! She read some of the reviews I wrote. She encouraged me to take guitar lessons in my early teens. She probably had much more influence on my love of classical music, but was tolerant of and interested in my love of popular music, and encouraged me in doing radio.

That's so awesome that you've done student radio! Please tell me about your radio show. What kind of music did you play? What was it called?

I started radio in 1980, doing a record review on Thursdays mornings. The first record I reviewed was Public Image Limited's *Metal Box*. You must understand this was pre-tech record in a lot of ways: egg-carton soundproofing, turntables, vinyl records. I took on the job of cataloguing the thousands of records, and became record librarian, so that the next year I got my own show, two hours on Friday afternoon. I mostly played punk and new wave. It hadn't caught on broadly in Halifax, and I was very young and felt an almost missionary-style enthusiasm about bringing it to people. I gradually found my voice and became less "serious" about it. I loved doing mixes, sorting out five or six songs that went well together. Sometimes I'd do a special show, for example one featuring the history of The Clash, but mostly

DR. BAXTER'S CURRICULUM OF AWESOMENESS

Required Listening

The Who, *Quadrophenia*

The Clash, *The Story of the Clash* (still the best introductory compilation)

Nine Inch Nails, *The Downward Spiral*, or the live set *And All That Could Have Been*

Patti Smith, *Horses*

The Velvet Underground, *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (the Gold collection is pretty good; *Live MCMXIII* is worth checking out in the two-disc set)

Neil Young, *Live Rust* (the double set, not the single record edit) Joy Division, *Unknown Pleasures* and *Closer* (or just get the boxed set, or the Permanent compilation)

David Bowie, *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars* (or the *ChangesOneBowie* compilation)

Warren Zevon, *Learning to Fly* (the best unplugged record in existence)

Joan Jett and the Black Hearts, *The Best Of*

Soft Cell, *The Very Best of Soft Cell*

Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*

Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music, *Street Life*

Bob Marley and the Wailers, *Exodus* (anything, really: the debt of punk to both reggae and glam cannot be underestimated)

Hole, *Live Through This*

Bauhaus, *Crackle*

Required Reading

Never Mind the Bollocks: Women Rewrite Rock edited by Amy Raphael (Also republished as *Grrrris: Viva Rock Divas*)

Lipstick Traces: A Secret History of the Twentieth Century by Greil Marcus

England's Dreading: Sex Pistols and Punk Rock by Jon Savage

Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung by Lester Bangs (guerrilla rock journalism, with heart)

Touching from a Distance: Ian Curtis and Joy Division by Deborah Curtis (an intimate memoir by an industry outsider, the widow of one of rock's iconic figures)

Tainted Life by Marc Almond (much of rock writing privileges a white, male, heterosexual point of view; here's the other side)

Rotten by John Lydon

A Riot of Their Own by Johnny Green (Clash tour manager),

Required Watching

Quadrophenia ("not" any of the concert films, the 1979 movie with Phil Daniels)

Rude Boy (just out on DVD; lots of archival Clash performance footage)

Westway to the World (Clash documentary)

The Filth and the Fury (Sex Pistols documentary)

Sid and Nancy

The Doors (if for nothing else, for Crispin Glover as Andy Warhol)

Velvet Goldmine

24 Hour Party People

The Hunger (early Bauhaus performing "Bela Lugosi's Dead", otherwise vampire shenanigans with David Bowie, Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon)

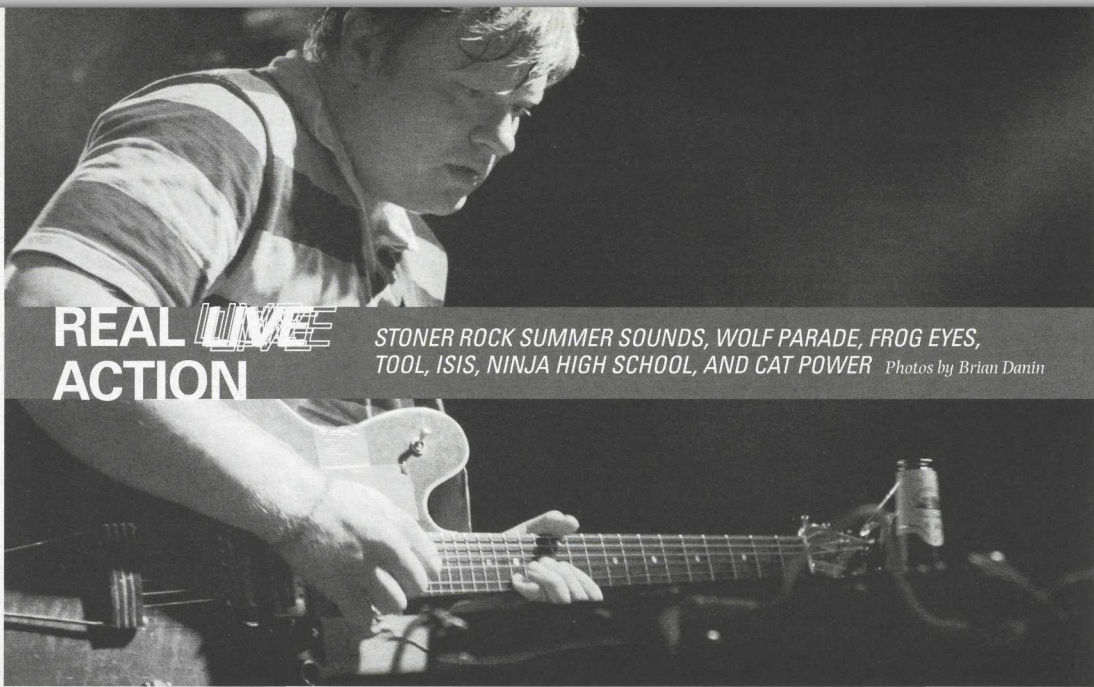
Apocalypse Now (music as a reflection/definer of the zeitgeist; you will never listen to the Stones' "Satisfaction" or the Doors' "The End" the same way)

Do the Right Thing (for the same reason as above)

I'd play a really eclectic assortment: Joy Division, New Order, U2 (then really young and not that famous), The Boomtown Rats, Joe Jackson, Blondie, Japan, Gary Numan, The Pretenders, Talking Heads, Depeche Mode, even Adam and the Ants, lots of others, even some "older" stuff like David Bowie or Roxy Music. We were still on closed current then (I was at CKDU at Dalhousie) and weren't always at that professional: we'd have joke contests on the air. But we loved what we were doing, we learned a lot, and we loved this period of all this new music coming out. I sometimes really regret I didn't make more effort at pursuing a career in radio but then I probably wouldn't be here. **D**



ILLUSTRATION BY ROB DAVIS



REAL *LIVE* ACTION

STONER ROCK SUMMER SOUNDS, WOLF PARADE, FROG EYES, TOOL, ISIS, NINJA HIGH SCHOOL, AND CAT POWER *Photos by Brian Dantin*

Carey Mercer of Frog Eyes

Stoner Rock Summer Smash

August 11
The Waldorf Hotel

Ahh. The blessed stoner rock gig. The welcoming smell of beer and leather jackets. The familiar sight of long-haired men nonchalantly nodding their heads in appreciation. And of course the awesome, satisfying crunch of that low-end guitar tone. First up on this four band-bill is duo MMF. It's certainly refreshing to see a female playing guitar in a genre typically dominated by men. Theirs is a seriously rocking sound, boiled down to the pure essence of stoner with pleasingly stereotypical song titles such as the awesome "Astral Messiah."

Next *Refined Years* go for a more adventurous and hundred approach to songwriting, even nudging towards Tool-esque proggy at times. Definitely the most accomplished and interesting band of the night, they finish their set with the brilliant instrumental "Uma," complete with violin accompaniment. The sound in the venue tonight is superb, but *Hezekiya* seem to have decided to sacrifice high fidelity for sheer teeth-rattling volume. Guitars aloft and balls out, they tear headlong through a relentless barrage of riffage, fuelled by testosterone and beer. They only stop for breath in order for the singer to share the important message "Get wasted, but don't drive." Always keen to comply, I'm pretty drunk by this point and I'm certainly not driving—I'm cycling. Sadly and somewhat curiously, about half of the crowd has left by the time *Hypnotic* take the stage. Maybe *Hezekiya* scared 'em away. Still, this Calgary trio seems pleased with the attendance: "All we get back home is about eight confused emo kids standing at the back!" Busting out a fuzzed-up groove in a similar vein to *Fu Manchu*, they even manage to get some folks boogying at the back. They also do a very respectable rendition of *Black Sabbath's* "Into the Void," giving a nod of acknowledgement to a man that all of tonight's performers owe a great

debt—the forefather of stoner rock, Tony Iommi.
Will Pedley

Wolf Parade
Frog Eyes
Whalebones
August 20
Commodore Ballroom

Replace "stoner rock" with "bourbon-soaked" and you have *Whalebones*, who opened the show sounding like Seattle's answer to *Black Mountain*. Surprisingly good, *Whalebones* exuded the kind of intense emotion usually seen in more seasoned bluesy bands.

Frog Eyes weren't entirely impressive unless they were playing something loud and catchy. Anything remotely mellow just sounded like sound check, as the milling of the crowd could be heard above much of Carey Mercer's frenetic vocals. Both he and Spencer Krug, doing double duty that night with *Frog Eyes* and *Wolf Parade*, hyperactively entertained but failed to command the audience for a chunk of their lengthy set.

Thankfully, *Wolf Parade* took no time at all entering a room full of ravenous fans that were treated to two killer new songs and one EP-worthy tune. These guys are pretty ridiculous in delivering exactly what you hear on record, with the addition of sweetly enthusiasm and unwavering energy. "We Built Another World" and "Dear Sons and Daughters of Hungry Ghosts" were like kicks in the head, and Dan Boeckner and co-vocalist Krug's warbled shouts could be heard from the alley outside. By show's end, shirts came off and bands jumped on stage to beat the crap out of any stillness anyone had left in them. It's refreshing to finally see a band live through spotty live reviews and prove they're so popular for a reason.

Patricia Mats

Tool
Isis
August 22
GM Place

I was satisfied with *Isis*—more than satisfied, even. The hard and heavy attack of three guitars was expected, but I was caught off guard when it started to mutate into jazzy, exploratory parts, with a keyboard providing background atmospherics. In cavernous GM Place, the result was a maelstrom of shifting textures, which incorporated the vocals as a textural element (no specific lyrics could be made out) and was strangely compelling. I enjoyed these subtler aspects, while the biggest crowd approval came when the songs erupted into abrasive, punishing climaxes.

If *Isis* met with only a lukewarm reception, every aspect of *Tool's* performance was greeted with rapturous devotion. The diaphanous fanbase which made up most of the crowd raised the energy level to a breaking point even before the band took the stage: the unveiling of Danny Carey's massive drum setup prompted a round of cheers and applause. *Tool's* trademark combination of deep mysticism and crude humour was on display right from the start, when Maynard James Keenan issued a friendly greeting of "Hello, dickheads!" The mysticism was more apparent in the nature of the plain stage setup: draped in white, with amps stationed in the background near a similarly white backdrop. But after the lurching opener "Stinkfist" faded out, psychedelic projections illuminated the stage's purpose as a mere screen for the concert's companion visuals. Images of DNA molecules whirled around during "Forty Six & 2"; later on, a montage of star charts and other paranormal material accompanied "Rosetta Stoned," an epic tale of being abducted by aliens, but forgetting to bring a pen to write down their message.

Every track was played out to perfection, whether fairly straightforward ("Sober," preceded

by a frenzied drum solo and wall of noise) or more intricate ("Schism," with its jilted time signatures). Maynard was surprisingly physical on stage, stomping in circles, leaning into his screams, or playing with his cowboy hat. "Laterals" was a spiralling nine-minute journey, after which the band reposed on stage and soaked in the roars of the crowd. They then rose for an encore of fever-pitch intensity: "Vicarious" and "Aenema" were never so powerful, and the *Tool* fans of Vancouver were never so complete in their worship.

Simon Foreman

Ninja High School
August 11
50/50 Arts Collective (Victoria)

The only shitty thing about seeing *Ninja High School* is having to argue with your friend for the rest of the night about whether or not they were being ironic. And that's about as fun as arguing about whether or not *Peaches* is sexist or Dave Chappelle is racist. These conversations almost inevitably end in one person yelling, "Holy shit, stop thinking so much and fucking enjoy it!"

Generally finding myself on the receiving end of this exasperated battle cry of fun, I was pleasantly surprised by my reaction to this band. While some bands struggle to classify their particular brand of indie-pop-post-rock-pre-post, *Toronto's* *Ninja High School* seems to have it bang on: *hard-core dance-rap*. With one boy manning a small beatbox/Korg/iPod contraption, cranking heavy, catchy beats reminiscent of the early days of *Def Jam* (see *Krush Groove*, 1985), the dance part was a giveaway. Another guy stood on speakers, hid under chairs, pulled his shirt over his head, and generally skittered around while yelling out the verses and slogan choruses that justify the rap in their website's description. And the *hardcore*? Well, that was left up to a somewhat quiet, awkward girl

and an attractive Asian guy with sweet dance moves and charming between-song banter.

With what can only be described as team effort, Ninja H.S. transformed the stage of Victoria's 50/50 Arts Collective from a sanctuary of awkward sincerity into an electric dancehall of... okay, now I'm just getting carried away. But there was dancing. And yes, I did fucking enjoy it.

Mayana Slobodan

Cat Power

August 27

Richard's on Richards

Fans of Cat Power have a difficult time reconciling themselves with her live show. Her eleven-year career has generated volumes of schizophrenic concert anecdotes. Past performances have been spectacles of alcoholism, anxiety and breakdowns. But they've also been theatres for tender, achingly beautiful music, sung with the disarming voice only Chan Marshall has.

And so a certain ambiguity hangs over anyone on their way to see her. You can never be quite sure which Cat Power you're going to get. Some condemn Marshall for what she's been known to front on stage, finding her style of non-performance a betrayal. They're searching for her songs amongst half-played, nerve-crippled attempts. Others seem to have almost a voyeuristic attitude towards Marshall. They wouldn't entirely mind witnessing one of her infamous train-wrecks. They want to see just how tragic it can be.

At her Vancouver show on a Sunday afternoon, an eager, all-ages crowd received the lucid Cat Power. This is probably due in no small part to her recently established sobriety. All eyes narrowed onto the drink she carried on stage: tea. She greeted the crowd with a smile and, after a pause for her typically confusing guitar tuning, strummed into *The Greatest's* "Love and Commu-

nication."

Her voice was striking: a full croon, flushed with reverberation and blue, deceptively too expansive a sound to emerge from the small woman, perched with her old electric guitar. The simplicity of her finger-picking arrangements was given ample hollow space to echo and resonate through the still audience.

While playing piano, Marshall had her back to most of the crowd, her face only visible as a reflection in the polished black of the instrument. This left the majority with only the sounds to entertain, and the performance was clearly moving enough to overcome her essentially shrouded presence.

Unsurprisingly, she stopped several songs mid-way to tweak the sound. The audience accommodated the pauses, seemingly not wanting to tamper with what was an elated performance. During "I Don't Blame You," Marshall stopped midway, requested a change, and then repeated the verse with, "You wanted to hear that sound/ But you didn't want to play..." which left the air a little tense. But it became clear that this was a Cat Power that truly wanted to be there.

After an a cappella rendition of one of her father's songs, with the whole of Richard's on Richards snapping along, Marshall left us in smiles, holding her thumbs and index fingers up to form a heart. This was a Cat Power show, lacking the graphic imagery of her past, instead aiming for a higher plane, something less sympathetic and more empowered. You may not have heard this, but you should see her. She plays her songs wonderfully.

Mike LaPointe



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* Exhibition & Film Installations located at: Video In Studios [1965 Main Street] Featuring Installations by: Isabelle Jenriches, Derek Wolmuth, Veronika Bokelmann, Lynne Sanderson, Slobodanka Stupar, Mark Cypher, Julien Clauss, Victoria Scott, Pierre-Andre Sanolet, Richard Wright, David J Johnston, Jennider Willet. Films by: Modulate Collective, Crumple Zone, Rae Staeson, Abel Konya, Arlene Ducao, Brigitta Bodenaure, Stephanie Loveless, Sachiko Hyashi.

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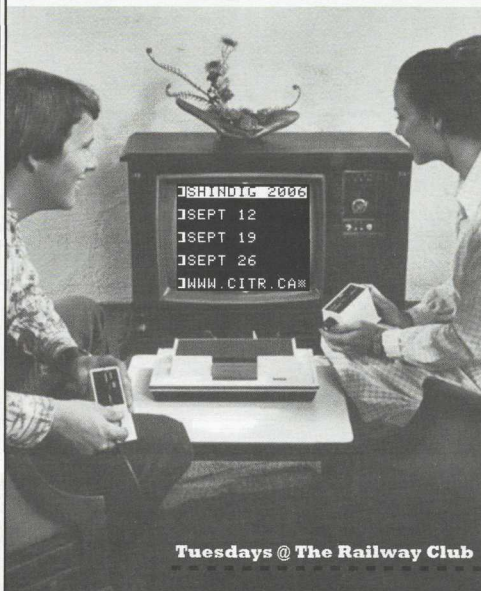
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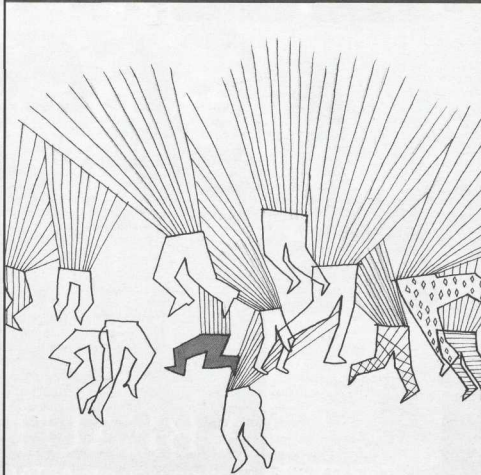
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UNDER REVIEW

CHAD VANGAALLEN, CHRISTINA AGUILERA THE MOUNTAIN GOATS, MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO. SLAYER, THE BE GOOD TANYAS, ZAKI IBRAHIM



Chad VanGaal
Skellconnection
(Flemish Eye)

Having charmed Calgary crowds in clubs and on street corners for years, Chad VanGaal discovered a larger audience with 2004's *Infiniheart*. Gathered from an extensive back catalogue of home recordings, the debut disc offered an assemblage of intriguing curios from a songwriter with an idiosyncratic, if not entirely original approach to his craft. It's odd to consider that the folk/found-sound melange that *Beck* revolutionized in the mid-90s could be rendered so quaint in the following decade. Yet there's a distinctly nostalgic quality to VanGaal's tact.

Lending an idle ear, listeners might easily envision the multi-instrumentalist setting up shop on a tree-shaded cabin porch with an array of guitars, keyboards, banjos, samplers, harmonicas and drum machines. However, any sense of bucolic whimsy is rendered null and void by VanGaal's penchant for surrealist lyrics that evince his talents as a visual artist. While his past fantastical indulgences are reined in on *Skellconnection* (there's not a blood machine in sight), it's clear that his dark and haunting muses lurk in the woods surrounding that imagined cabin of song.

"Flower Gardens" opens the album's account with an uncharacteristic hail of wailing guitars and stuttered vocals. As a declaration of intent, it's a decided step down from the twitzy appeal of *Infiniheart*'s masterful "Clinically Dead." However, VanGaal quickly rights his listing ship with the windmill pop hook of "Burn 2 Ash." From there, the album flits between spacey ballads ("Rolling Thunder"), instrumental oddities ("Viking Rainbow") and dustbowl stompers ("Wind Driving Dogs").

The closing triumvirate of songs boasts *Skellconnection*'s finest moments. Constructed around VanGaal's lilting falsetto, "Graveyard" is an affecting portrait of life's final ceremony. Dynamic "Dead Ends" offers an anthemic assessment of an irreconcilable relationship. Finally, the fragile "Sing Me 2 Sleep" assuages and reconciles

all earlier insecurities and tensions—specifically "Gubbish's" insolent refrain of "I'm never going to sleep."

For all of its melodic inventiveness, there are instances when *Skellconnection* proves inexplicably uninspiring and wilfully distancing. There's certainly a wealth of talent to display here. However, a touch more cohesion and restraint may be required before VanGaal emerges as an artist of true consequence.

Curtis Woloschuk

Christina Aguilera
Back to Basics
(RCA)

We were on our way home from Homo-A-Go-Go in Olympia when I first heard "Ain't No Other Man," the newest single from Christina Aguilera's double disc retrospective, *Back to Basics*. Due to an excess of FM radio stations along the I-5, our party was having trouble transmitting an iPod through the rental car's stereo system and had resorted to Top Forty radio, where "Ain't No Other Man" currently ranks third best. Ignorant of Aguilera's ability as executive producer of *Back to Basics*, I remained firm in my stance that for "Ain't" Aguilera earned her spot at the top of the pops. So certain was I of Aguilera's pop rock prowess that I saw Will Brown's review copy of *B2B* in the *Disorder* office as a winning chance to share the fortitude of her music with the people.

"Ain't No Other Man," it turns out, is a deceptively good hit single, a red herring for a diluted, misguided tribute to the musical legends of R & B—as surely anyone but Aguilera. Coupled with Aguilera's inability to recognize her professional limits before she tackled the production of *B2B*, the album's greatest flaw is Aguilera's indecision about whose basics she wants to return to us. "Ain't" set aside, Aguilera seems only able to return the majority of her fans to the time before we liked her, for me sometime during the summer of 1999 when I was going to smash the radio at my part time job if "Genie in a Bottle" came on one more time during my four hour shift. Aguilera's short, modestly remarkable musical career may not merit a

retrospective like *Back to Basics* just yet, but "Ain't No Other Man" actually deserves the customarily excessive radio airplay that has defined her divahood since Christina Aguilera. It's just so good. Ugh.

Mono Brown

The Mountain Goats
Get Lonely
(4AD)

I found the last two Mountain Goats records a bit disappointing. Sure, both *We Shall All Be Healed* and *The Sunset Tree* had their moments, but the overall lack of brilliance gave reason to believe that my days as a fan were coming to an end. That is until John Darnielle promised that his new record, *Get Lonely*, would be some real next-level-sad-bastard shit. The prospect of having some new headphone-material for those dark winters filled me with such joy that I figured old Darnielle deserved at least one more chance.

Thankfully, *Get Lonely* lives up to its title and is the type of album that will always be there for you when wallowing in self-pity is the only option left. Even though cellos, vibraphones and some drums are here to keep you company, the instrumentation is actually relatively sparse. Darnielle still sticks to the good ol' guitar and voice combo as he tells lonesome tales of friendless giants, bitter old lovers and the trials of waking up in an empty bed. Lyrically, the album is one of his strongest, as he embraces a series of bittersweet resignations and views solitude with ambivalence if not approval. Lines like, "The first time I made coffee for myself I made too much of it/But I drank it all just 'cause you hate it when I let things go to waste," from "Woke Up New," show Darnielle at his most painfully observant.

Unfortunately, like his last two efforts, this album lacks some of the intensity of his older work, and Darnielle's delivery is sometimes a bit feeble, making some tracks slip by without much notice. While *Get Lonely* has a unique focus it will likely leave fans like me waiting for Darnielle to top his crowning achievement, 2002's *Tallahassee*.

Brack Thieszen

Magnolia Electric Co.
Fading Trails
(Secretly Canadian)

Like many, I'm not so secretly a fan of anything Secretly Canadian. Antony and the Johnsons, Danielson, Songs: Ohia, the Impossible Shapes—I like them all unabashedly. And because of my affection for much of the Secretly Canadian roster, I feel obligated to admit that I had a tepid first date with *Fading Trails*, the latest LP produced by Magnolia Electric Co. Perhaps my lukewarm response had more to do with great expectations, since *Fading Trails* itself boasts both a winning line-up and guest appearances by the likes of *Andrew Bird*. Besides that, Secretly Canadian has backed Magnolia Electric Co.'s principal, Jason Molina, with nothing shy of fervor, promising to release five more Molina albums along with *Fading Trails*.

Due on shelves September 12th, *Fading Trails* is a conscientious folk album in an era of sing-a-long ensembles and folk-infused musical cross-pollination. Songs like "Don't Fade On Me" and "Memphis Moon" are pretty, honest, and introspective, and the album itself achieves a simple, uncompromisingly consistent folk sound—refreshingly reduced to elemental acoustic guitar progressions inflected with percussion where necessary.

In an interview with *Billboard* this past June, Molina divulged that *Fading Trails* is comprised of nine songs culled from the recording sessions in which he produced the five other releases due out on Secretly Canadian—somewhat of a surprise, since the album plays from end-to-end as if they were itself a twenty-eight minute piece with minor variations. I think that the slow, waning mood of *Fading Trails* will make it a good companion when the rainy season arrives, but until then I'll chock up my disappointment with the release to its length (the album ends just when you feel you're getting to know it) and its momentum, which fades off during "Talk to Me Devil, Again." That the album left me somewhat wanting was perhaps Molina's overall intent, seeing as he has a slew of new albums to follow. But I

think I'll still need more time to get to know and appreciate *Fading Trails* before I'm ready to move on.

Mono Brown

Slayer
Christ Illusion
(American)

Recently, there has been a trend amongst the old stalwarts of heavy metal (namely Slayer, Iron Maiden and Anthrax) in embarking on tours exclusively playing their "classic" (i.e. older) material. By doing this they run the risk of turning into a kind of Las Vegas-era fat Elvis, merely trading on past glories. Also, it encourages often unfavorable comparisons between their "golden age" and their latest material.

Slayer, however, have answered any doubts about their current form by releasing their strongest album since 1990's *Seasons in the Abyss*. Perhaps it's not just a coincidence that this is the first album since *Seasons...* to feature original drummer Dave Lombardo.

There are many typically brutal and intense tunes to be found within the ten tracks, "Jihad" and "Supremist" being particularly noteworthy.

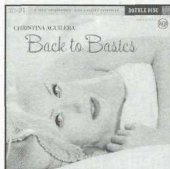
As always, their prevailing lyrical themes concern war, religion and a helluva lot of anger. In the context of the post 9/11 world, their unflinching approach to these topics has helped to create an urgent and vital album that confirms their relevance in contemporary metal.

Will Pedley

The Be Good Tanyas
Hello Love
(Netwerk)

If you were looking for something fresh and new out of the Be Good Tanyas, you can probably stop reading now, because the local gals aren't straying far from their comfort zone on *Hello Love*. Their newest record splits the difference between the darkness of 2003's *Chinatown* and the (mostly) more upbeat affair that was 2000's *Blue Horse*. Sticking with what works isn't necessarily a bad thing, however.

Like their previous two releases, *Hello Love* has its fair



UNDER REVIEW CONT'D

share of covers and traditional songs. This time around the band tackles tunes by (among others) Mississippi John Hurt, Sean Hayes, the Carter Family, Neil Young, and Prince. The more classically country songs turn out predictably well. Their rendition of Young's "For the Turnstiles" is one of the record's highlights, as the *On the Beach* tune gets some thicker instrumentation for Frazey Ford to wail over. Conversely, one of the record's few missteps is the album closing performance of "When Doves Cry," which falters because, in spite of the banjo, it strays a bit too far from their usual sound.

There are two types of bands worth listening to: the type of band that succeeds in constantly moving in new directions and the type of band that succeeds in staying the course. Being the latter isn't likely to win over anyone who wasn't fond of their first two releases, but the Tanyas are bound to keep current fans (or anyone who appreciates quality country music) smiling.

Quinn Omori

Zaki Ibrahim

Shô
(Distrito 6 Records)

Having spent a summer in South Africa a couple years ago, I had the chance to get a glimpse of the exciting music scene there.



illustration © Zaki Ibrahim

particularly the hip hop emanating from the country's urban centers. I also got a chance to meet Toronto's Zaki Ibrahim, who was down making connections with SA-based hip hoppers, singers and artists. Having spent part of her childhood in Cape Town, Ibrahim's visit focused on writing and reconnecting with her roots and her family.

A couple of years later, Zaki Ibrahim is still working towards her dream, weaving politics and positivity through her lyrics, and performing in front of crowds across Canada and internationally. Flourishing in the uncharted space between defined styles, Zaki Ibrahim shows off many dimensions of her talent on her 2006 EP *Shô*. Sometimes accompanied by piano or acoustic guitar, more often singing over heavy hip hop beats, or beatboxing, scatting, and even experimenting with a sound reminiscent of Portishead, Zaki has a voice that can do it all. At no point does *Shô* seem overly produced, and the live tracks like "My Joy" are particularly raw.

Zaki bills herself as a woman of the world, 25 years old and tripping between four continents and three cities in particular: Vancouver, Toronto and Cape Town. This exposure to an array of influences, cultures and styles means that Zaki Ibrahim is a young artist with a unique profile, a powerful and soulful voice, and a freshness that can bring a tired ear back to R & B. In July, Zaki was in Vancouver headlining a show with South Africa's Tumi and the Volume at The Plaza, and her performance, following on the heels of Toronto artist Isis, left the audience spellbound. It left me thinking one thing: The world is ready for Zaki Ibrahim. Bring it on.

stage_left

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Black Flag - Greg Ginn (left) and Ron Reyes at the Smilin' Buddha April 1980, Vancouver, BC, Canada - photo © Bev Davies

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#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	The Jolts*	<i>Jinx</i>	Independent
2	Vincat*	<i>I Like Their Older Stuff Better</i>	Independent
3	Joel And The Last Of The Neighbours*	<i>Antidote</i>	The Tong Dynasty
4	Shout Out Out Out*	<i>Not Saying Just Saying</i>	NRMLSWLCM
5	The Sadies	<i>In Concert: Volume 1</i>	Outside
6	Various Artists*	<i>From Jamaica to Toronto...</i>	Light in the Attic
7	Bonnie "Prince" Billy	<i>Curse Sleep</i>	Drag City
8	Nomeansno	<i>All Roads Lead to Ausfahrt</i>	Ant Audio
9	Chad VanGaalen*	<i>Skellconnection</i>	Flemish Eye
10	Blood Meridian*	<i>Kick Up The Dust</i>	Outside
11	Ladyhawk*	<i>S/T</i>	Jagiaguwar
12	Sonic Youth	<i>Rather Ripped</i>	DGC
13	Various Artists*	<i>Leonard Cohen: I'm Your Man</i>	Verve Forecast
14	Panurge*	<i>Walking in the Fog</i>	Last Gang
15	Girl Talk	<i>Night Ripper</i>	Illegal Art
16	CSS	<i>Camel De Ser Sexy</i>	Sub Pop
17	Peaches*	<i>Impeach My Bush</i>	XL
18	Six Organs of Admittance	<i>The Sun Awakens</i>	Drag City
19	Mr. Plow*	<i>Chairman Plow's Little Red Book</i>	Crusty
20	The Dudes*	<i>Brain Heart Guitar</i>	Load
21	Barbo Pond	<i>Ticket Crystals</i>	ATP
22	M. Ward	<i>Post War</i>	Merge
23	The Bicycles*	<i>The Good the Bad the Cuddly</i>	Fuzzy Logic
24	James Kochalka Superstar	<i>Spread Your Evil Wings and Fly</i>	Byko
25	The Nymphets*	<i>Pro-Fucking-Motional</i>	Independent

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
26	Comets on Fire	<i>Avatar</i>	Sub Pop
27	Mika Miko	<i>C.Y.S.L.A.B.F.</i>	Kill Rock Stars
28	The Husbands	<i>There's Nothing More Than I'd Like...</i>	Swami
29	Junior Boys*	<i>In The Morning</i>	Domino
30	The Knife	<i>Silent Shout</i>	Mute
31	Fond of Tigers*	<i>A Thing To Live With</i>	Drip Audio
32	Leather Uppers*	<i>Bright Lights</i>	Goner
33	Venetian Snare	<i>Cavalcade of Glee...</i>	Planet Mu
34	Vancouver*	<i>Losin' It!</i>	Scratch
35	The Bronx	<i>S/T</i>	Island
36	Screaming Eagles*	<i>Enemy Gold</i>	Independent
37	Amps for Christ	<i>Every Eleven Seconds</i>	5RC
38	Ska Cubano	<i>Ay Caramba!</i>	Cumbancha
39	Camera Obsura	<i>Let's Get Out of This Country</i>	Merge
40	The Sword	<i>Age of Winters</i>	Kemado
41	Spankrock	<i>Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo</i>	Big Dada
42	Erase Errata	<i>Nightlife</i>	Kill Rock Stars
43	The Paper Cranes*	<i>S/T</i>	Unfamiliar
44	MSTRKRFT*	<i>The Looks</i>	Last Gang
45	Radio Birdman	<i>Zeno Beach</i>	Independent
46	Jim Noir	<i>Tower of Love</i>	Barzuk
47	Carla Bozulich	<i>Evangelista</i>	Constellation
48	Tokyo Police Club*	<i>A Lesson In Crime</i>	Paper Bag
49	Shoplifting	<i>Body Stories</i>	Kill Rock Stars
50	Tilly and the Wall	<i>Bottoms of Barrels</i>	Team Love

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7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	FILL-IN	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
10am	KOL NEDEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
11am		ALT. RADIO	FILL-IN				
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
1pm			REEL TO REEL CAREER FAST TRACK	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
2pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	FILL-IN	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	RUMBLSTONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
3pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	WENER'S BBQ	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
4pm					PEDAL REVOLUTION		
5pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE	UNCOMMON	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AFROBEAT	CITR SPORTS	OUR WAVE
6pm				AND SOMETIMES WHY	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
7pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU	SALARIO MINIMO	JUICEBOX	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	PLANET LOVETRON	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
8pm	FILL-IN	THE JAZZ SHOW	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	FOLK OASIS	LAUGH TRACKS	FILL-IN	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
9pm	TRANCENDANCE		CAUGHT IN THE RED	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	FILL-IN	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
10pm	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE	AURAL TENTACLES			THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	BBC
11pm							
12am							
1am							
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC		
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)

KOL NEDEDI (World)

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia, South Asia, Africa, The Middle East, Europe, Latin America, Gypsy, Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)
Reggae in all styles and fashions.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)
Real cowhit-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)
QUEER FM (Talk)
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Chunks and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCENDANCE (Dance)
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common

thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

trancendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights.

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordin Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)
Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)
Underground pop for the misuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MATT & DAVE (Eclectic)
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, The Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NEWS 101 (Talk)
A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

W.N.G.S. (Talk)
Women's International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

KARISU (World)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker.

September 4: Yet another birthday to celebrate! This time bandleader/composer/arranger/trumpeter Gerald Wilson. Eighty-eight years young and still leading his distinctive band to this day. Tonight a Wilson classic "Moment of Truth" with his star-studded band from L.A.

September 11: It's that time of year... school/education/fun etc. tonight our two-part jazz education feature that's fun and entertaining. First is the famous recording by the great Leonard Bernstein called "What Is Jazz..." It's funny, analytical, and perceptive and... wait for it... entertaining!

September 18: Part two of our

back to school series is the relaxed and informal "An Introduction to Jazz" narrated by the late alto saxophone giant Julian "Cannonball" Adderly. It's great to hear jazz history directly from someone who was part of the history.

September 21: One of the great short-lived bands in jazz history and their one and only recording, "The Pepper-Knepper Quintet". Pepper Adams, master of the baritone saxophone and trombone great Jimmy Knepper with pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Doug Watkins and drum giant Elvin Jones. Standard-setting sounds!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)
All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)



Ch-ch-changes at C-C-CiTR

101.9 FM has some hot new initiatives, one of which rhymes with "Rodblasting"

by Duncan M. McHugh

CiTR 101.9 FM HAS A LOT GOING FOR IT.

First and foremost, we're a campus radio station, representing the students of the University of British Columbia. CiTR is committed to bringing you music and voices that aren't represented in mainstream commercial media. That means independent and local bands, as well as spoken word programming from a variety of viewpoints. Since 1937, when UBC's radio society was formed, students have been playing records and broadcasting to campus. In 1982, we hit the big time (well, medium time) and began broadcasting in FM at 101.9.

We're also one of only three community radio stations in the city. But what does that mean, "community radio station"? Well, it means anybody, including a schmo like yourself, can come to the station, get a tour, get trained and get your own radio show! How cool is that? Year-long memberships are just \$35 for community members and \$20 for students.

CiTR is also a member of the National Campus and Community Radio Association (NCCRA), a non-profit national organization made up of over 40 stations committed to volunteer-based, community-oriented radio broadcasting. We're even hosting the NCCRA's national conference in the summer of '07. Prepare for the invasion of hundreds of radio nerds!

On top of all that, CiTR is the publisher of *Discorder*, the fabulous magazine we're reading at the moment. With all of these phenomenal accomplishments, we could be content to rest on our laurels. Unfortunately, we found that our laurels were, in fact, thoroughly rested. So we're busting out two (2) exciting new projects, guaranteed to make the CiTR Experience better than ever.

Project A: "CiTR On Demand"

Our first big initiative coming this September is called "CiTR On Demand," which is a fancy way of saying "CiTR Podcasts," which in turn is a fancy way of saying "CiTR radio programs recorded and converted into compressed digital files available anytime for download on the World Wide Web, or 'Information Superhighway.' If you prefer it old school, 'We prefer it the fancy way."

Basically, we'll be uploading mp3s of all our shows to our website, where they'll be waiting, patiently, for you to listen to them whenever you want. Say you were hoping to catch your favourite CiTR show but got stuck at work with a boss who insists on listening to Jerk FM? Problem of the past, my friend. Get home, download the show and enjoy at your leisure. What a world we live in!

Even better, using space age RSS technology, you can subscribe to your favourite show and your computer will download the latest episode as soon as it is posted online. Actually RSS isn't all that space age-y; RSS stands for the very non-futuristic Really Simple Syndication, which is a type of computer code that you don't need to understand to love. Use iTunes or a similar music application and RSS will set you up the new episode when it goes online—it's as easy as that. All the details can be found at www.citr.ca/podcasts.htm

Project B: "Friends of CiTR" card

We here at CiTR are pretty popular. If we still got yearbooks, they'd be full of signatures of people who are totally going to stay in touch with us over the summer. Anyways, talk is cheap, so we've made our friends put their money where their mouth is: Hence, the "Friends of CiTR" card.

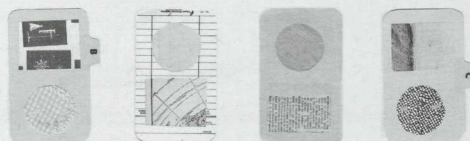
For a measly 15 bucks (only five if you're a CiTR member), you can use your card to get discounts at over a dozen quality, independent, local establishments. Like records? Bam: get a discount at Vancouver's better record shops. Do you eat? Boom: get a discount on sushi at the Eatery. Do you clothe yourself? Explode: get a discount at Anti-Social. Hell, need a way to get around to all of these great shops? Snakes-on-a-plane: get your wheels ship shape on the cheap at the Bike Kitchen.

Yes, it's that awesome. Pick up your card at CiTR's offices and make sure to show it every time you shop.

And hey, Friends of CiTR, thanks for the solid. You guys are rad. For more information, surf on over to www.citr.ca/friends.htm.

All this and we're re-launching our CiTR.ca website, complete with streamlined design, show profiles and a gallery of old CiTR posters and *Discorder* covers. Obviously, it's an amazing time to check out CiTR 101.9FM! I may even pay my membership dues this year! 

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MELANIE COLES



Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deedlier than the most dangerous criminal!

borninsixtynine@hotmail.com
MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilicue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

REEL TO REAL (Talk)
Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)
En Avant La Musique se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)
Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)
Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Eclectic)

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)

ANOIZE (Noise)
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)
Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic)

First Wednesday of every month.
JUICEBOX (Talk)
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality

educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!
www.juiceboxradio.com
FOLK OASIS (Roots)
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)

SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)

AFROBEAT (World)

Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats. My passion is music from the African Diaspora. Catch up on the latest and reminisce on classic spins.

myafrobeat@yahoo.com

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc.

Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE!

Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)

Email requests to: djska_1@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

NARDWAR THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS (Nardwar)

THE CANADIAN WAX (Eclectic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montr al!

thecanadianwax@postcar.com

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic)

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanhip

robertrobot@gmail.com

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)

Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet.

10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul.

Hosted by Drake.

thevampiresball@yahoo.ca

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Funk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

crashburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald

Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwards delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting chug of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimungie & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep

feelin' da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)

CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk) 

Zulu Recommended Course Packs and Lesson Plans

YO LA TENGO I Am Not Afraid Of You and I Will Beat Your Ass CD

Lesson Theme: Creative
Fortitude. This module is a

survey for both **Yo La Tengo** as a key figure in American rock as well as an overview of aesthetic trends in post-Velvet pop music generally, of which **Yo La Tengo** is arguably the most representative and skillful contemporary exponent. While delighting in the expert playing and inspired music, which after twenty years plus active presents this experienced and confident group in magnificent form, students will learn about the principles of dedication, craftsmanship, effective songwriting and good communication skills. As with past **Yo La Tengo** releases, **I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will Beat Your Ass** also presents cogent instruction in the near-lost art of creating a full-fledged album, one with surprise, balance, progression and roundness. Therein requires equal maturity and creative open-mindedness, which have become the hallmarks of this well-loved group. Other key themes include: Creative Marriages, Pop Musicology, Trends in Contemporary Juvenile, Pacing and Sequencing, the 'Indie' Scene, **David Mansfield** and Community.

CD \$19.98

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS Get Lonely CD

Lesson Theme: Lost Love. **John Darnielle** is one of the most erudite lyricists in contemporary popular music. A true poet, he chooses and speaks every word deliberately conscious of its effect. Consequently, this module explores this truly moving subject with great intelligence, skill and care. It presents a manifold impression of loneliness, from its deepest, most pitiful lows to its prosaically subtle, everyday expressions. In a gesture of group empathy, students will also be asked to disclose their own stories of heartache and sorrow, becoming emotionally open to the group, revealing their innermost selves. Although painful and challenging, this module will have a transformative result for the class, providing perspective insight into one of humanity's most demanding, often puzzling personal hardships. Other key themes include: Baseball and Literature, Existential Dread, Folk Singers: New and Old, and True Confessions.

CD \$19.98

JUNIOR BOYS

So This is Goodbye CD

Lesson Theme: The New Modernity. The German philosopher and sociologist **Jürgen Habermas** once famously argued that modernity was an unfinished project. Holding onto the emancipating possibility of rational-critical communication, **Habermas** contended that the enlightenment tradition is often too hastily dismissed at the behest of postmodernist theory, such as **Derridian** deconstruction. This module critically examines **Habermas** contention in terms of contemporary electronic pop, re-contextualizing the notion of the 'modern' in the historical present. The Ontario **Junior Boys** excellently key, much anticipated second full-length provides a cogent framework for this important topic. Some questions for students to consider include: Are **Junior Boys** retro or visionary? Are they honest, pop, both or neither? What is the cultural significance of the synthesizer? What does the aesthetics of crooning signify? Other key themes include: The Canadian North, Air Travel, Nomadology and Nostalgia, Cyberspace, **Frank Sinatra**, and Crypto-Romanticism.

CD \$19.98

TV ON THE RADIO Return to Cookie Mountain CD

Lesson Theme: The Future.
With its forward-thinking,

often surprising sound and style, this module challenges students to question the broader aesthetic status quo of contemporary popular music. Perhaps more than the other modules offered here, students will be most eager to conduct wide-ranging, group-directed dialogue after listening to this strikingly innovative and cool synthesis of soul, post-rock and pop. One discussion point might be the history of falsetto in popular music, moving from Western to non-Western musical traditions. Another topic might be the ever-changing role of guitar atmospherics and the use of 'effects' pedals in exploring timbral dynamics as musical form. Other key themes include: Afro-Postmodernism versus Neo-Afro-Romanticism or Neither, Shoe-Gazing as Soul or Soul as Shoe-Gazing, **David Bowie**, and **The Next Big Thing** Phenomenon.

CD \$19.98

LAMBCHOP Damaged CD/LP

Lesson Theme: Ambiance.
This module presents

instruction on the architectonics of mood, emphasizing the notion of the beautiful and the aesthetics of Americana in contemporary cultural production. Students will be lulled educationally by the soothing, dream-like quality of the music. Deep thoughts of great emotional complexity offering personal insight are sure to be the result for all. In addition, because of the exceptional quality of **Damaged**, the group's tenth full-length, musological instruction is also provided in terms of lyrical imagery, song craft, arranging, musicianship and production. One discussion point might be the rhetorical use of nostalgia by **Kurt Wagner**, **Lambchop's** main songwriter. Other key themes include: Segue Coloration, Dreaming, Metaphor, the American Sound, Literariness, 'Alt-country', and Heartache.

CD/LP \$19.98

PIPETTES

We Are the Pipettes CD

Lesson Theme:
Retrospection as

Momentum. From **The Got** Team to **Christina Aguilera** to **OutKast**, popular music of the past is more and more, self-consciously on the horizon for contemporary musicians, with **Brighton's The Pipettes** one of the latest groups to look backwards musically, expertly combining light disco, 60s girl group pop, rockabilly and indie-rock, while moving forwards. No simple historical pastiche, **The Pipettes'** sound is unmistakably fresh and infectious. This module examines the changing shape of postmodernism as expressed by popular culture. Students will be asked to consider if the postmodern has become less an issue of theoretical explication than an everyday aspect of contemporary life. Or perhaps the term is used no longer describes the historical present at all, needing to be replaced. Other key themes include: **Phil Spector** and the Girl Group Sound, Northern Soul, Post-Feminism and Contemporary Music, Synchronized Dancing as Pop Deconstruction, and Irony and Critique: How Fun Just Might Change the World.

CD \$19.98

GREAT AUNT IDA How They Fly CD

Lesson Theme: Sense and
Sensitivity. The module

presents a lesson on the subject of presence in music. This beguiling notice is the elusive rational often given to explain the sense of meaningful emotional resonance conveyed by popular music. Singer-songwriter and bandleader **Ida Nilsson's** soothing voice alone is a vivid demonstration of the intangibilities of affect, the compelling power it has to move listeners. Students will be gently awed by her songs' delicateness, tenderness and quietude, also by her band's expert dedication to mood and feeling; all necessary components for the expression of presence in all its delightful elusiveness. One important discussion point might centre on a debate between the metaphysics versus the materiality of presence, another on the potential contradiction of sadness as a kind of pleasure. Other key themes include: **The Waterboys**, Tonality and Attonality, The Pastoral in Pop Music, **The Beans** and the Enigma of Group Impersonation, and **Julie Dolan**.

CD \$19.98

MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO. Fading Trails CD

Lesson Theme: The West.
This module takes on the

perennial premise of **The West**. **The West** is both a concept (a sometimes bittersweet notion of pure possibility) and a geographical reality (in and around the western frontier of the North American continent). Students will be encouraged to reflect on how this seemingly simple notion has diversely inspired countless musicians and other kinds of artists, from writers to film makers. On this beautiful new recording, a thoughtfully subdued, less noisy change from recent past efforts, **Jason Molina** and his **Magnolia Electric Co.** serve as an excellent case study for students to investigate. Recorded at different studios, including **Steve Albini's Electric Audio Studio**, **David Lowery's Sound of Music Studio**, and at the famous **Sam Studio** in Memphis, Tennessee, **Fading Trails** is also a good opportunity for group based work, comparing and contrasting the different imaginings of the notion of **The West** thereby presented. Other key themes include: **Nell Young**, Melancholia and Catharsis, **Guitar as Poetry**, **The West** as Noir, and **The Trials and Tribulations of Prolific Songwriters**.

CD \$19.98

BONNIE 'PRINCE' BILLY Then the Letting Go CD

Lesson Theme: The Unknown. Over the course of his celebrated career, **Will Oldham** has cultivated mystery. Tacturn, he has employed many aliases, including **Bonnie 'Prince' Billy**, his most recent pseudonym. He has also taken on different musical approaches, from full-on guitar rock to spare acoustic balladry to lushly orchestrated country pop. His intriguing lyrics, although consistently thoughtful, also suggest many different points of view, confounding authorial certainty. Despite their richness and brilliance, the different perspectives represented by his past work still never manage to fully reveal the truth of **Will Oldham**. No fixed identity is forthcoming, he remains an enigma. With **Then the Letting Go**, his latest full-length, this module takes on the subject of mythmaking in contemporary music. Other key themes include: the Troubadour as Trickster, the West as Exotica, **Bob Dylan**, Famous Beards, Poetry as Deception, and the Inscrutability of Chama.

CD \$19.98

M. WARD Post-War CD/LP

Lesson Theme: Iraq, Despite much

valuable precedent to draw from, including luminaries **Dylan**, **Lennon** and **Springsteen**, for example, taking on a multifaceted and complex real-world topic with due genuineness remains no easy job for a pop musician, even if approached via metaphor. Perhaps because songwriting is imperative to his effort not sloganizing, **M. Ward's** **Post-War** is a great achievement in this respect. Hence this module offers an excellent occasion for students to not only discuss the complexities of the current Iraq conflict itself but also to examine the issue of politicized popular culture: does it add to or detract from the issue on hand? This module is sure to be thematically controversial, even though its musical character is highly accessible. Indeed first-rate in all respects. Other key themes include: Finger-Picking Guitar, the Declining American Empire, Concert Records: Past and Present, What Makes a Top Ten Pick, and Guest Musicians: Pros and Cons.

CD/LP \$19.98

CHAD VANGAALLEN Skellconnection CD

Lesson Theme: The Outsider. This module charts the impact of multitalented, self-contained, idiosyncratic singer-songwriters on popular music, in terms of both actual achievements and mythological. With his second **Self Pop** endorsed full-length, the gifted **Chad Vangaalen** is a great contemporary example of this kind of artist. Like others of his kind, **Vangaalen** records and produces himself at home, typically playing all the instruments, freely following his sometimes eclectic creative impulses. Students will be challenged to compare and contrast **Vangaalen** with other similar near-preternatural pop music outsiders from past and present. One important debate might be between self-editing versus uncensored expression. Another discussion topic might be the enabling availability of accessible music-making technology: how has this influenced the bedroom musician? Other key themes include: Diversity and Abundance in Pop Music, Alienation as Muse, the Calgary Stampede, New Media/New Times, and **Mike Oldfield**.

CD \$19.98

HIDDEN CAMERAS Awoo CD

Lesson Theme: The Carnivalesque. This module explores the notion of the carnival as developed by the Russian literary theorist and philosopher **Mikhail Bakhtin**. According to **Bakhtin**, the carnival is a special temporal-cultural zone in which ordinary societal rules are briefly suspended, typically marked by frolicking songs, unruly dancing, extravagant costumes and other assorted irreverent transgression. Students will be inspired to dance and sing along to the flamboyantly up-beat songs of **Awoo**, the third, arguably most accomplished yet full-length by this Toronto-based group. With its focus on fun, this module is sure to be a class favorite, for the students and instructors alike! Other key themes include: the Dionysian versus the Apollonian, Queering Popular Music, **Francis Rabelais**, Orchestral Pop, and the Paradox of Licensed Transgression.

CD \$19.98

Other Topics:

- THE BEARS** - Gang of Losers
- ADORN/FAMILY** - Hook Wavies
- PAJO** - 1968
- THE ALBUM LEAF** - Into the Blue Again
- ELLIOT SMITH** - Either/Or (Expanded)
- BLACK KEYS** - Magic Motion
- THE THERMALS** - The Body, The Blood, The Machine
- BROADCAST** - The Future Cryan
- FIELD MUSIC** - Tunes of Town
- CURSIVE** - Happy Hello
- JASON MOLINA** - Let Me Go, Let Me Go, Let Me Go
- ERIC BACHMAN** - To The Races
- KELE** - Kelo Was Here
- ELECTRELANE** - Singles, B-Sides and Live
- GRIZZLY BEAR** - Yellow House
- THE RAPTURE** - Pieces of the People We Love
- DU SHADOW** - The Outsider
- XIU XIU** - The Air Force
- RICHARD BUCKNER** - Meadow
- BASEMENT JAXX** - Crazy Rich Radio
- DARKEE** - Darkest
- NINA NASTASSIA** - On Leaving

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Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00
Sat 9:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00